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by Henry J. Taylor
Reviewed by John Corbin

"MISSION TO MOSCOW"
An Editorial
By Norman Cousins

Harold Stein

MAURICE HINDUS, who called one turn correctly and now calls a few more. (See the review of "Mother Russia" on page 4.)

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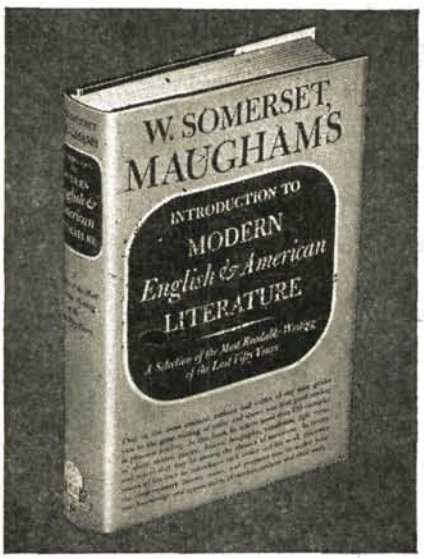

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The Saturday Review of Literature

June 5, 1943

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The Miracle of Russian Resistance

MOSCOW DATELINE. By Henry C. Cassidy. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1943. 374 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by LOUIS FISCHER

HENRY C. CASSIDY is the resourceful Moscow correspondent of the Associated Press who made history when Stalin, on October 3, 1942, wrote him a letter urging a second front.

Cassidy saw France fall. Britain bravely held on. Sensing that Russia was next, Cassidy traveled through Germany to Moscow in the summer of 1940. But as late as Spring, 1941, "not the Russian people, not the Soviet leaders," he says, knew that war was coming to them, too. Graphically, Cassidy describes the scene at the Moscow railway station on April 13, 1941—two months and a week before the Nazi invasion of the U.S.S.R.—when Stalin went to see off Japanese Foreign Minister Matsuoka. Stalin had kissed Matsuoka. Stalin milled through the select crowd. He seemed to be "seeking someone." Finally, he stopped in front of Colonel Hans Krebs, assistant Nazi military attaché.

" 'German? German?' " Stalin asked.

" 'Yes, Sir,' the officer said, saluting."

"Stalin shook his hand, and said: 'We shall be friends.' "

"Most of those present," Cassidy reports, "thought it was planned in advance," a "calculated gesture" to Germany.

But the Germans had other plans, and, writes Cassidy, "the invasion caught the Soviets by surprise."

Cassidy had a lucky break. He was not in Moscow when Hitler attacked Russia. He was far away in the sunny southern Caucasus on vacation. Thousands of miles from his office and a telegraph wire, he could not report the biggest news of the Second World War: the Nazi blow against Russia. For a newspaper man, that is disaster. But in the Caucasus and on the trip back to Moscow, he saw something that was worth a hundred bulletins from the front. He saw how the peoples of the Soviet Union, far removed from the area of hostilities, responded to the war. "There was a current of determination, even of enthusiasm . . . sometimes the people cheered and clapped." Newly-mobilized soldiers "went to war with a grin. . . . Everywhere they went cheerfully."

I was in Paris on September 3, 1939, when war came to France, and for several weeks thereafter. On the day war was declared, women bit their fingernails and wept. There was no cheering. I watched trains of departing reservists. Not a smile, not a cheer, only tears and sad, pale faces.

Henry C. Cassidy

France fell, Russia fights. The difference may in considerable measure be due to this difference in the reactions of the two nations.

From June 22, 1941, when the Nazis opened their invasion of Russia, until October, 1941, when they came so near to Moscow that the foreign correspondents were evacuated to Kuibyshev, Cassidy and his colleagues were conducted to the front only once. They were well fed but allowed to see very little. As Hitler approached Moscow, there was panic in the city for a few days, but Soviet methods soon established order, and during November and December, the gallant Red Army fought and won the crucial Battle of Moscow. The military analysis of this great episode in Russia's survival still awaits the pen of an expert. Cassidy watched it from Kuibyshev.

Moscow was barely snatched from the jaws of Hitler. Cassidy reveals that the Nazis got as far as the suburbs of Khimki to which I used to ride on a five-mile city bus line. Khimki was reached in the first week of December. If the Nazis had taken Moscow it would probably have been the day after Pearl Harbor. That was the Axis plan. And how much darker America's skies would have looked.

Cassidy conscientiously recapitulates the war bulletins as the struggle swayed through 1942 and 1943. Occasional visits of statesmen enliven the tale. There was Harry Hopkins whom the Russians call "Garry Gopkins," as they say "Gitler" and President "Goover," because they do not pronounce the H. Then Churchill came, and Willkie. Cassidy's chapter on the Churchill visit is called "Churchill vs. Stalin" and that epitomizes the au-

(*Continued on page* 39)

MOTHER RUSSIA. By Maurice Hindus. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1943. 395 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by HENRY C. WOLFE

WHEN the Nazis made their attack on Russia, Maurice Hindus started work on a book called "Hitler Cannot Conquer Russia." It came out in September, 1941, when the Fuehrer's divisions were well on their headlong way to Moscow. But neither the Russian retreat nor the critics' lament that he was the prophet of a lost cause weakened the faith of Mr. Hindus. He knew the Russian people; therefore he believed in them. How well time and the Russian people have vindicated him!

In "Mother Russia" he gives us the sources of Russia's "unpredicted and unpredictable might." Russia's, mind you, and not the Soviet's. In his 1942 journey to the land he knows so well he found that in the six years since his last visit the citizens of the Soviet had become ardent Russian patriots. They are proud of their country's pre-Soviet past, dedicated body and soul to the service of their fatherland. They have made total war a passionately personal thing. Hardly a child among them is too young, hardly a grandsire too old to take an active part in this people's war. "Excepting invalids," says Mr. Hindus, "there are few non-combatants in Russia." The national heroes of the war are not the generals who have turned back Hitler's mechanized supermen, but the guerrillas of high school age who were martyred by the invaders.

The secret of Mr. Hindus's reputation as a reporter lies to a considerable degree in his painstaking and personal approach. He has solicited no interview with Stalin and other high officials of the Soviet. He has always felt that "a single day in a village or a single meal with young people in a factory would tell me more of the heart and the mind of Russia than an interview with any leader, however exalted." To talk with the people and hear the people talk he has traveled far and wide over the Russian countryside. He has spent time in factories and on farms, in cities and in villages watching the embattled patriots at work. He has gone into reconquered areas to observe the devastation visited upon Russia's new progress by the sadists of the New Order.

In setting forth the causes of Russia's stupendous military performance Mr. Hindus becomes the interpreter

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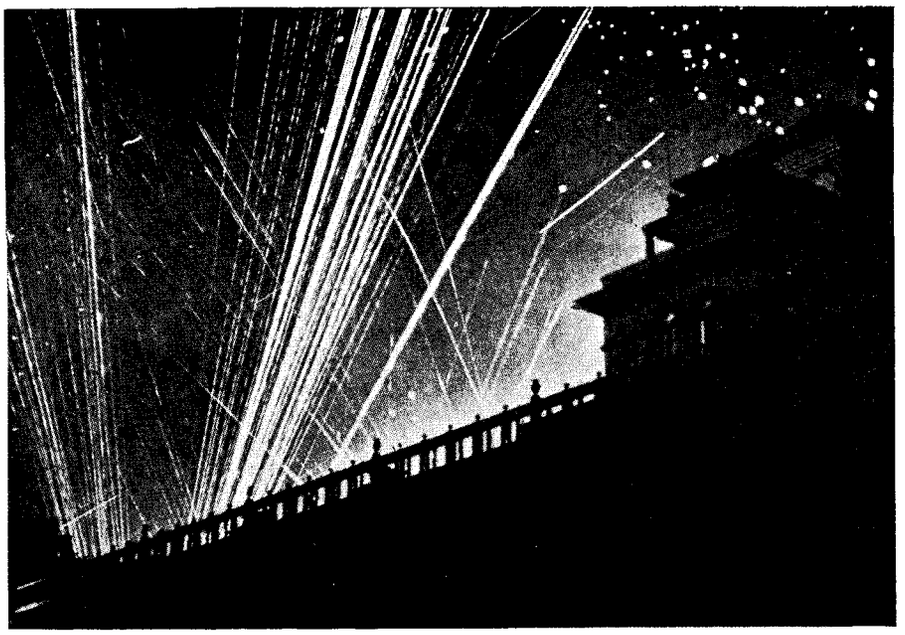

—From "Shooting the Russian War," by Margaret Bourke-White.
Moscow anti-aircraft barrage.

of the Soviet revolution. "Of course there has been terror in Russia," he admits, "as grim as any nation has ever witnessed." It was out of that terror that the Russian war miracle was born. The three Five-Year Plans aimed to industrialize the country and collectivize the land—immediately and at all costs. It was a harsh, concentrated program that entailed bloodshed, sacrifice, and terror on an unprecedented scale. But almost overnight—a century's work in a decade—it forged the Russian people into a heroic fighting unit that for two years has been beating back the most powerful army of all time. The process of revolutionary change was costly, he grants, but it added up to the epic battle of Stalingrad.

The machine age, Mr. Hindus finds, has scraped the beards off the faces of the "dark masses" and ground the darkness out of their souls. The tractor was the mightiest single weapon of the Revolution in the village. It made the forest-minded muzhik engine-minded and banished from the land his mode of thought and his way of life. It banished the muzhik himself along with his beard and his mentality. It was the tractor that prepared millions of peasant lads for the tank and all the other tools of mechanized warfare.

But it is not Stalin's mechanized armies that loom large in "Mother Russia." Mr. Hindus tells us about the people who make the armies possible,—the factory hands, the office workers, the farmers, the housewives, and the school children. They are the soul of Mother Russia. He tells us how they live and love, work and play, teach and learn. To the Russian worker the factory is more than a means of livelihood: preventable absence from work is desertion from "duty to the fatherland." It is punished like desertion from the army. The factory is the center of the worker's life. It has taken over functions once exercised by the church and meets most of the social needs of the individual and the family. An industrial plant in the path of the Nazi drive on Moscow, for instance, evacuated eight hundred of the workers' children to the distant Urals, set up schools there, and arranged frequent parental visits and check-ups.

The Russians of today, reports Mr. Hindus, are time-conscious, romantic, and family-minded. They are no longer preoccupied with class consciousness. Divorce, abortion, and free love are out, not on moral, but on social and patriotic grounds. The morals now in vogue "have little to distinguish them from puritanism except that the element of sin is absent." Among Russia's millions of soldiers there is little venereal disease.

According to Mr. Hindus, the political relations between the Soviets and the Greek Orthodox Church are more than cordial. Atheist propaganda publications are taboo. But there is no indication of a revival of religion or a cessation of the conflict between religion and Bolshevism. Since the outbreak of the war more people have been going to church. The teaching of religion is not banned in the home. But the four apostles of Marxism—Marx, Engels, Lenin, and Stalin—have decreed antagonism to religion and that antagonism is still a vital force in Russian life.

The most absorbing chapters of "Mother Russia" are devoted to the women and children of the home front and the guerrilla warfare. Fabulous is the valor and legendary the sacrificial spirit of these indomitable Nazi haters. It is children of high school age who are the war heroes of the country and Mr. Hindus features three of the best-known of them—Shura Chekalin, Liza Chaikina, and Zoya Kosmodemyanskaya.

A neutral diplomat once said to Mr. Hindus: "Either England, America, and Russia develop a common language of action in the war and afterwards or God help us all." This astounding and illuminating report on Russia's war effort should prove a vital contribution to the development of the common language of United Nations action.

The Saga of Sevastopol

THE LAST DAYS OF SEVASTOPOL. By Boris Voyetekhov. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1943. 225 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by HENRY B. KRANZ

Beside a smashed gun lay our commander. There was blood on him. Sailors knelt beside him. Some of them were crying. Some were pressing their jerseys to his wounds so that they could carry the blood of their beloved commander on their clothes.

THIS is the kind of men Boris Voyetekhov, a Russian playwright, found in besieged Sevastopol. He spent there three horrible weeks. He was always under enemy fire. He saw terror and fire, blood and suffering, he saw fearlessness and the iron will to fight until death.

"The Last Days of Sevastopol" is a book one cannot forget because it is written with beauty and toughness, with sentimentality and sober irony, with that strange mixture you can find in the works of all great Russian writers.

Mother Sevastopol housed many strange people. Mr. Voyetekhov portrays many of them, old men and young men, women and girls, aviators and postmen, peasants and veteran officers. He met them and loved them. They were one large family. They joked like children, and they died like men.

The Russians were outnumbered ten to one. They had only a few planes. They had a handful of tanks. The Nazis had an army of 280,000 men. They were well fed while the defenders were cut off and were supplied entirely by sea. The ships which stole into the harbor at night were mer-

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cilessly bombed. Day and night the sky above the city gleamed with thousands of explosions.

> The light of incendiaries, in the grip of which many of Sevastopol's houses were being consumed, threw such a glow over the city that one could read by it.

Sevastopol was captured but only after eight months of stubborn resistance. Not one battery fell into the hands of the Nazis. Only for the wounded was there a way out.

> They were taken down to the sea and under fire put in sea planes, submarines, or barges and were taken to the "Big Land." As they lay on beaches with tears streaming down their faces, they bade farewell to those who stayed behind. . . . Dying sailors dipped their fingers in blood and wrote on the earth in feeble characters "Return to Sevastopol."

The last regiments continued to fire until they ran out of shot. Then they dived into the sea and swam and swam until they sank and drowned.

When the author left the burning city he took with him a letter of a captain to his wife:

> Yes, Anka, we shall not see each other. An hour ago I was called and told: "We trust you to die here." . . . I know you love me. Wait for me. I know that when I am dead, for you I will continue to live, and that nobody will edge me away from your careful heart. But if it happens that you meet a man fine enough for your grief whom you will love a little, and if as the result of your love you have a new life and it is a son, then let him bear my name. Let him be my continuation, though I am dead and your new friend is alive. . . .

Boris Voyetekhov is a fine writer and his book is undoubtedly one of the best descriptive works we have about this war.

Russian History

MODERN RUSSIAN HISTORY. From the Age of Catherine the Great to the End of the Nineteenth Century. By Alexander Kornilov. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1943. 594 *pp.* $4.50

Reviewed by E. C. Ross

WE who read Kornilov's history in the two-volume edition twenty-five years ago—we teachers and students of Russian history, teachers of Russian literature, and general readers—acclaimed it as a godsend. We had to. We needed histories of the time when Czardom went on the defensive and oppositional elements found a voice—the nineteenth century. In this respect, Kornilov's work is still a godsend. But for all those who were not professional students of history, there were disappointments. These disappointments are not to be blamed on the author. They are inherent in the work itself, which has a perfect right to be what it is. But the disappointments still remain.

Professor Kornilov's history does not reach the end of the nineteenth century. By the farthest stretch, it goes to 1894 (the end of the reign of Alexander III). In any bulk at all it goes only to the assassination of Alexander II in 1881. From this point there are only twenty-two more pages in the book. By this time—1943—1881 is sixty years and more ago. By this time, new readers, general readers, will hanker after a history that goes up at least through the Revolution of 1905 and a little beyond. The supplementary chapters by the translator, which appeared in the two-volume edition, would help.

Professor Kornilov's history is addressed not only to students of history, but to Russian students of Russian history. It is clearly organized, clearly composed, and clearly aimed to pitch the battle between defensive Czardom and the opposition. But almost any page is a shower, nay, a deluge, of minutiae, details marshalled out of the sources, until the mind of any but the practised reader of history is stupefied.

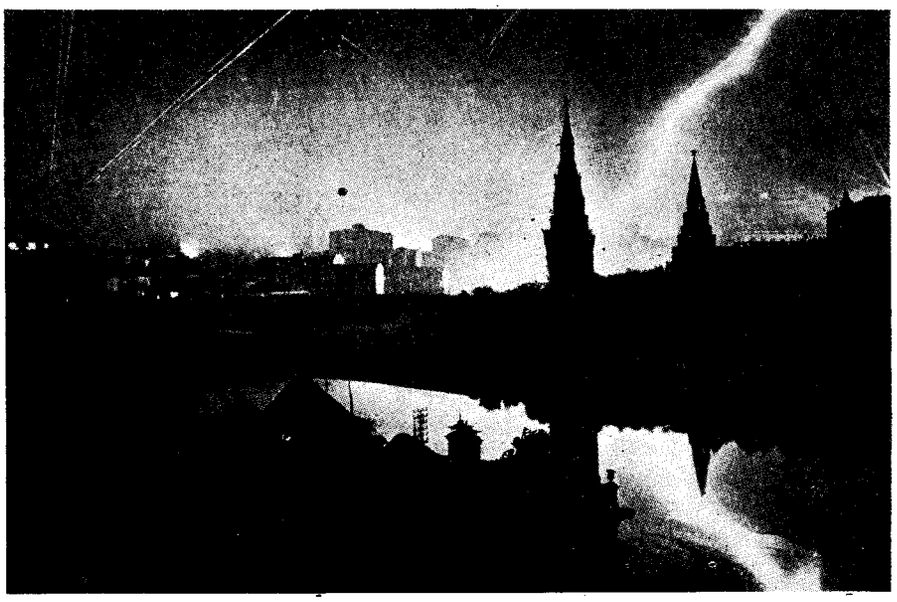
These are the disappointments in toto—inherent in the work itself, which is meant to be what it is. What we were hoping for, even twenty-five years ago, was a history which carried us through the dismal eighties and nineties, and which could be read without weariness of spirit.

But Professor Kornilov's work must be read by us nevertheless—by all of us, in addition to the professional students of history. Seeing that it must be read, there is a way to read it for the first time. It must be read over a course of several sittings. Thereafter, different chapters, or the reigns of different Czars, may be read at intervals until the high lights of the whole course of events have been fixed.

Professor Kornilov's work is a history of the whole of Russia: its Czars (there are vivid sketches of each of them), international relations, wars, military, bureaucracy, taxation, finance, population, agriculture, peasant question, commerce, transportation, natural resources, industry, labor, administration of justice, religion, education, the press, censorship, revolutionary activity—above all, the intelligentsia, *i.e.*, the oppositional element, the publicists, great literary critics, writers. It is convenient to have it all in one volume. It is important to have an expert translation, by Alexander Kaun, who has written one of the two or three best studies of a Russian writer ever done in the United States—his work on Andreiev. And there is a most useful, selected, and up-to-date bibliography by John S. Curtiss.

There are perhaps two main things the general American reader can learn from Kornilov's history. People have the idea that Czardom was never anything but a black wall of absolutism. But during the nineteenth century it had, from time to time, being on the defensive, to make a show of, even sometimes a necessity of, being reformative. In the second place, though Kornilov's history goes up just to 1894, the reader will understand how inevitable revolution, rather than evolution, was in Russia.

E. C. Ross is Professor of Russian Literature at Miami University, Oxford, Ohio.



—From "Shooting the Russian War," by Margaret Bourke-White.
Path of a parachute flare in Moscow.

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Furious Thoughts of the Peace

MEN IN MOTION. By Henry J. Taylor. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1943. 306 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by JOHN CORBIN

"MEN IN MOTION" might well have a subtitle indicating that the book reveals Mr. Taylor's mind itself in motion; for the medium that unites and solidifies these scattered adventures of a newspaper correspondent is a body of quite definite and dynamic conclusions which he draws from them—conclusions as to the eventual peace. When Mr. Taylor thinks, he thinks (as the French say) furiously. And in general what he thinks is very much to the point.

He was the last American to get in and out of Germany before Pearl Harbor and his stirrup-cup of information came from Dr. Dieckhoff, who described himself as "still the German Ambassador to your country." Dieckhoff said, "If Germany is to be saved for her destiny, the war must *not* be fought to its bitter end." In other words, as soon as the "traditionalists" who control the army realize that they are beaten, they will again think only of saving their bacon and stowing it on the shelf for a third world war. Mr. Taylor paraphrases this, and capitalizes it, in a sentence that is every day becoming more significant: "GERMANY WILL NOT FIGHT IT OUT."

In Turkey, Marshal Chakmak of the General Staff enabled him to give news of Timoshenko's army of reserves and to forecast the turning of the tide at Stalingrad; and Prime Minister Saracoglu explained the benefit that had accrued to the cause of freedom by Turkey's determination to mind her own business in the case of von Papen's threats and blandishments. Africa receives a vivid ground-and-lofty description as outlet for the evils of over-population on that "decadent peninsula of the Asiatic continent" which is called Europe. The chapters on the United Nations' grand strategy in the campaigns of North Africa give us what is probably the most comprehensive and authoritative account yet published. All this is vivid, unforgettable. Yet everything comes back to the question, Where do we go from here?

Mr. Taylor warns us against grandiose schemes of world federation; yet he is neither a pacifist nor an isolationist. Quite the contrary, he looks forward to generations and indeed centuries during which our safety, our very existence, will be repeatedly challenged and put to the ordeal by battle. Our only hope is in the united strength of free nations. It is not merely with the "traditionalist" Germany that we shall have to reckon. Russia also and even China have a long future of expanding power. Neither has ever shown any real conception of, or capacity for, freedom as we know it; and both are strongly, perhaps permanently, indoctrinated with communism—whatever that may be and become. Neither Stalin nor Chiang Kai-shek, valiant allies though they are and tolerant (for the present) of our democracy, can give us any real hope of non-aggression in the long run of generations and centuries, let alone establish firm and enduring guarantees. With the aims of the League of Nations Mr. Taylor has full sympathy; yet he insists that we study and ponder the lessons of its futility, from the Fascist-Corfu incident of 1923 to Munich. The freedom of the whole world is too large an order. The prolific parents of too-little-and-too-late were too-much-and-too-soon.

Henry J. Taylor

We of the United States in particular are woefully given to both—to too-much-and-too-soon in our promises, followed by too-little-and-too-late in our performance. It is not merely that the Senate refused to sign on the dotted line the Peace and the League which Woodrow Wilson negotiated. That was its constitutional right; and, looking back at the futility of both Peace and League, only the hardiest or the most thought-proof would say that the Senate was altogether wrong. That is water beyond the dam. What rouses Mr. Taylor to fury is the imminence of another flood of promises which, as he sees them, are beyond human power to make good. And this is not primarily the fault of the American people, whose soundness of body and of mind and of character he lauds, but of leaders who warp our judgment by flattering our pride.

The initial danger will lie in the Allies' treatment of Germany. Whether the execution of "traditionalists" is carried on by process of law or by the instant revenge of outraged Russia and Poland, our appetite for slaughter may not be long lived. Voices will be raised in behalf of Christian forgiveness—and in behalf of Germany as "the bulwark against Bolshevism." Once more the quality of mercy will camouflage our instinct for letting George do our fighting—which already has dishonored a nation able and willing to do its own fighting, and then some, as soon as it learns why and when and how. The only safeguard against Germany or any other aggressor of the long future is somehow to erect an organized power so formidable that it will discourage aggression.

Yet already we are befuddling ourselves with too-much-and-too-soon, or so Mr. Taylor says. The Four Freedoms, which we promise to the whole world, are "sheer political buncombe." Struggling vainly to maintain our own right of free assembly and free speech, are we in a position to guarantee those rights to the peoples of Asia and Africa? Having dismally failed to give effective citizenship to our own colored folk, how shall we confer it upon natives of the African jungle, upon Malaysian head-hunters and cannibals? With our own problem of recurrent depressions unsolved, of unemployment and starvation amid plenty, how shall we bind up the wounds and fill the bellies of the entire war-torn world? Twice within a quarter of a century we have allowed the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse to overrun us, being the richest, the freest, and the most enlightened of nations: then how shall we free the whole world from fear?

According to Mr. Taylor, who should know, statesmen abroad are very well aware that the Four Freedoms are sheer political buncombe and may be counted upon to act accordingly. After his book appeared, another most competent observer, Hanson W. Baldwin, declared in *The New York Times* that "the post-war jockeying for power" had already begun at the Roosevelt-Churchill conference in Washington. Both recognize that the immediate dilemma, and the dilemma of the long future no less, lies not only in Germany but in Russia and indeed China. Stalin and Chiang Kai-shek need us now as we need them; and one and all sorely need a breathing spell of peace. But the coming conflict of ideologies and national interests will

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The Fighting Faces of the Sky

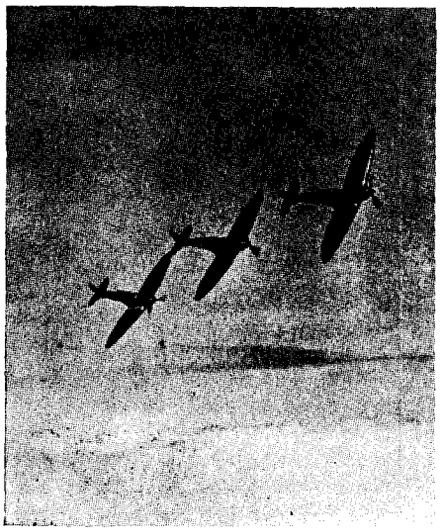
THERE'S SOMETHING IN THE AIR. By Flying Officer X (H. E. Bates). New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1943. 172 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

ON April 1, 1918, when aerial warfare on the Western Front had reached unprecedented heights of fury, and more than one British squadron was celebrating its fiftieth or umpty-umptieth Hun, the Royal Flying Corps and the Royal Naval Air Service—to the infinite disgust and mutual contempt of the enforcedly contracting parties—were united under the name of the Royal Air Force. Disgust? Contempt? Why, naturally. The R.F.C. and the R.N.A.S. had their traditions, however brief; they had their brave histories. But what pilot, military or naval, could take pride in serving under this newly arranged trio of initials? What naval or military pilot could happily contemplate being lumped, in a common mass, with his opposite number? Strong men shuddered. And when it was later rumored that the R.A.F. was going to be decked out in a meaningless uniform of its own, possibly blue (musical comedy stuff!) with a cloth belt and gilt buckle instead of a proper Sam Browne, there was mutiny in many a winged heart. *Fade Out.*

Fade In. It is twenty-five years later. Those once-despised initials are no longer new; they and that uniform are no longer meaningless. The world knows their meaning. Committed to a struggle against wicked odds, the R.A.F. met the Luftwaffe's full force and grew stronger under fire; grew ever stronger, by day and by night, until the Battle of Britain was won, and with it the probably immortal tribute in which a gifted leader phrased the thought and gratitude of less articulate millions. Now, according to Hitler's own admission, and thanks in great measure to the R.A.F., the Battle of Germany is already on.

What are they like, the men and boys who did and are doing the job? What are their lives like? Articles, short stories, books, and films have tried to tell us; some of them simply and accurately, but far more of them with melodramatic or sentimental distortions. So it is pleasant to be able to report that Flying Officer X (who in private and civilian literary life is H. E. Bates, author of several novels, a play, and ten volumes of short stories) has made a genuine if limited contribution to the cause of simplicity and accuracy. His contribution is semi-official, for "In the summer of 1941 he was commissioned Flying Officer X by the British Government and was stationed with the Bomber Command to study the men of the R.A.F. in and out of action." It might even be called a work of propaganda. But there is



—*From "Their Finest Hour."*
Spitfires in Formation

the propagation of truth as well as of falsehood.

Mr. Bates's limitations are self-imposed. He is more interested in the character behind action than in action itself, and his twenty-one short sketches are predominantly character sketches. Action is there, but it is for the most part subsidiary or illustrative. The result is a quiet book, a designedly quiet book. At times a reader might feel that the author has pushed his design too far; that his reticences are almost exhibitionistic, his under-writing a kind of exaggeration, his silences thunderous. He throws lines away instead of leaning on them, he lowers his voice instead of raising it. But so do most of those of whom he is writing.

For a vivid sense of war-flying, you will, I think, have to go to another author, or at least to another book. In this one Mr. Bates seldom makes me feel that I am "air-borne" (if the old R.A.F. may use a word that belongs to the new); he never evokes, for me at least, sensations of actual combat. But he knows the men of whom he writes, and because of his knowledge, and his ability to communicate it, you will know and remember many of them. And you will find them good company. They speak a different slang than their fathers did. They are better trained, more scientific, and less expert—one gathers—at serious drinking. Flying from England as they are, from well established stations, the routine of their lives is unlike the expeditionary routines of the last war. Greatest change of all, perhaps, fighter aristocrats and once humble bombers now fly as peers. But, whatever the changes, the faces are familiar. And the thoughts and fears and hopes and hates and determinations behind the faces.

Soldier in a Global War

MOMENT OF TRUTH. By Colonel Charles Sweeny. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1943. 305 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by HENRY WREATH

THE author of this highly controversial book is a professional soldier. Charles Sweeny enlisted in the French Army when the First World War broke out. Transferred to the American Army with the rank of major, he commanded a battalion of infantry in France. Later he was a member of military missions sent to North Africa and Poland. After the fall of France in 1940 he became Commander of the First Foreign Division to be formed with regiments of the Foreign Legion. And he organized and commanded the First Eagle Squadron in England.

"Moment of Truth" is a realistic book on our war situation, as seen by a soldier. "The soldier is a pessimist. To him everything is transient . . . And it is good that he should be a pessimist. Misery is the best school of the soldier . . . a spirit of healthy pessimism has inspired the writing of the following pages."

The author first reviews our foremost enemy Germany. He knew General von Seekt, founder of the Reichswehr, very well and he thinks von Seekt and not Hitler was "the great man of Germany." It was von Seekt who first dreamed of Germany ruling the world. When he died the General Staff decided Germany's fate. "As the General Staff goes, so goes Germany."

From here on Colonel Sweeny, like a mathematician disregarding economic and political factors, outlines the possible conquest of Europe. Germany has a vulnerable flank, her southwestern one. But Germany is mistress of the continent. She can mobilize twenty-six million men. Therefore a frontal attack on the continent is out of the question because "frontal attacks are foolish." The Italian invasion is hardly more attractive. "To repel an invasion Italy could mobilize eight million soldiers and auxiliaries. Meanwhile we would be struggling with the problem of trans-

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porting our ten million men, or a large part of them, to North Africa and of supplying them once there. Let's stop fooling ourselves."

The plan of campaign based on Iran and the Caucasus offers great advantages. But it would take at least "two years and more to build ports and bases in southern Persia . . . In the meantime Hitler may have conquered the Caucasus." Coloney Sweeny does not believe the air force could decide the issue of the war. "Night bombing is hit or miss, generally miss. Day bombing, which is relatively accurate, has proved too costly. The air corps—in the plural—must come down off their high horse."

Looking for a battlefield, the author discovers the Siberian front. Our expeditionary force of three million men could be mobilized in Northern Siberia and there prepared for battle. In Siberia an American army would threaten at the same time the Germans in Russia and the Japs in Manchukuo. "We must, sooner or later, realize that Russia is our principal ally. That with Russia we can win the war, that without her our chances are practically not worth considering. . . . Instead of measuring our arms against Germany at once it would seem much wiser to concentrate all our forces, Russian, American, and Chinese, against Japan."

Colonel Sweeney's book will undoubtedly be widely discussed. Many will think the author's arguments are sound, most of us, this reviewer believes, will be surprised to find that a professional soldier could forget essentials of victory such as better morale, better food for the soldiers, a well organized home front, and, first of all, better soldiers and generals. Twenty-six million men can be beaten by six million men if they are better men—and continuous air attacks might bring Italy down to her knees without an actual invasion. As to Colonel Sweeny's demands that President Roosevelt must delegate his powers to some one capable of running this war as a war, to "some hardheaded professional who knows how wars are waged and won," one could remind the author that the German generals and not the Kaiser lost the First World War for Germany, that Napoleon lost his empire although he was "a professional." This is a global war, the first global war, and inspired leaders should be better strategists than generals when the world has become a single battlefield.

"Prefaces to Peace," a volume consisting of the writings of Wendell Willkie, Herbert Hoover, Hugh Gibson, Henry A. Wallace, and Sumner Welles, will appear next month as a coöperative publishing project.

Life and Times of a Flying Fortress

QUEENS DIE PROUDLY. By W. L. White. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1943. 273 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by PERCIVAL R. KNAUTH

OUT on the airport where this tale begins stands a battle-scarred and weather-worn old plane. Her rounded nose, slim fuselage, and four motors mark her as a Boeing B-17; her high dorsal fin and tapering tail show her to be one of the old models with which America began this war. This plane, which on some happy day before the war her crew named *Swoose*—half swan, half goose—has flown and fought through some of the grimmest days in our country's history. She watched her sisters die at Clark Field in the Philippines, when the Japanese struck from nearby Formosa minutes before the *Swoose* and other planes of the 19th Bombardment Group were about to take off on their first combat mission. The *Swoose* later knew Java when it seemed a fortress, and she knew it just before it fell. She has flown in Australia, and, as transport for a three-star general of the U. S. Air Forces, she has "worn ruts" on the roadways of the limitless Pacific sky. Through the *Swoose* and her crew of five, all men who lived and fought out there in those dark days when Japan seemed to have everything and the United Nations nothing, Bill White tells this story.

It is a story like "They Were Expendable." This is a book which you pick up and can't put down, because it's just as though the men were holding you with the tale they have to tell. Most of the talking is done by the pilot, Frank Kurtz. As he tells it, you forget that he was three times a member of the championship American Olympic diving team and made headlines in the sports pages long before he ever saw the inside of a B-17. But when you're through, it is not difficult to see how now, at thirty-one, he holds the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel and the Distinguished Flying Cross and Silver Star.

He tells the story, but he does not make of himself a hero. Nor do the others who chime in from time to time with added details: Captain Harry Schreiber, the navigator; Master Sergeant Charles Reeves, the bombardier; Master Sergeant Rowland Boone, the gunner, and Master Sergeant "Red" Varner, the crew chief, who before the war ran an undertaking parlor on the West Coast. What they talk about are the awful days that began when the perfect formations of the Japanese came down the field in the

A Queen (B-17) reigns the sky.

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Philippines and bombed the U. S. air force there to hell; the days that were barely ended as this book closes.

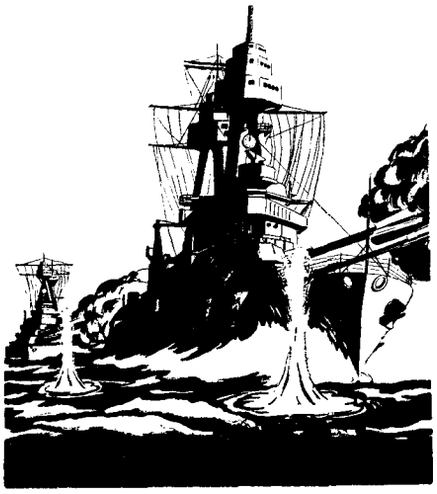
The heroes of this book are all the men who flew out there when the cause seemed lost. The heroine is the B-17, the wide-winged Flying Fortress that has become the symbol of American air power all over the world.

Frank Kurtz did not fly the *Swoose* throughout those early days of the war. In fact, he was for a long time a "planeless pilot" who did all sorts of odd jobs (in the course of one, he was very nearly killed in bed one night in a Java hotel room by a treacherous native). How he came to lose his ship, *Old 99,* which he had ferried out to Clark Field in the Philippines before the war began, he tells in the opening pages:

> . . . A private, standing just outside the flap of our operations tent, said in an awe-struck, admiring voice:
>
> "Oh, gee! Look at the pretty Navy formation."
>
> It froze me. I could hear a drone. I think it froze all of us. The next second, Lieutenant Lee Coats, who was standing nearest the tent flap, stepped to the opening. We watched him look up.
>
> "Navy, *hell! Here* they come!" . . .
>
> There they came, the drone rising, right over the hill as Don Gibbs predicted they would—in an enormous V of V's, three V's in all and about twenty-five Mitsubishi bombers in each V, at about 18,000 to 22,000 feet altitude—coming right at us . . .
>
> Now it began. Not so much the thunderous roars as the shaking—at its mildest, the hard dirt quivered like a steel-tired truck thundering over cobblestones, and at its worst bucked and pitched like a bronco. I kept feeling if I could stay on a little longer I would live, because death was very close now—the grinding roars and whistles, the quivering pitching earth—was coming closer, was thundering over us. And then quite suddenly was gone—the bomb trains had crossed the field, the pattern ended abruptly a thousand yards beyond it, and the Japanese formation was moving off . . .

Later, Frank Kurtz mounted his bicycle to ride up the field and see what the Japanese had done:

> . . . There was a rise in the runway, and as I pedaled up it, for a minute I was afraid what I would see, looking ahead. But then my heart suddenly gave a big pound, because there was *Old 99's* vertical stabilizer—the big curve of her tail rising like a game salmon's tail fin—gleaming above the runway; so I pumped the bike a few times more, being thankful it was a good American bike I'd bought off a fighter pilot instead of the junky Jap copies that are so cheap in Manila, only, my God, then—just then—
>
> I don't know whether I got off the bike at that point or not. Or fell off it. Or rode on a while and then left it lying by the runway. All I can remember is how *Old 99* looked and,



> a little later, walking over the field, slowly, toward her; afraid to come too close, too fast. Think about it not as a plane that has burned, or even your own house, but like it was a good friend burned up. And all that is left is that tall silver tail still up in the air, not even scorched or smoke-stained, and I am walking over the field toward her.

Beside that plane, in a row stretching out toward the safety at the field's edge, lay Frank Kurtz's crew, eight men in a line. That's how the war began for this man in the Philippines.

Bill White can't forget that scene as he writes down the rest of the story, nor can the reader. "Queens Die Proudly" is pervaded throughout by the aftermath of that awful tragedy. It is disturbing at times, yet that is how it must have been. When war begins like that for a group of men who all their lives have known peace, the shock is not easily or quickly overcome.

And Clark Field was only the beginning of a long and terribly bitter retreat. The 19th was run out of Clark to Mindanao, where it existed after a fashion at Del Monte field. Then the Japanese got Del Monte, and they left for Java. From a Dutch field there, beautifully camouflaged as all Dutch airports apparently were, they watched—and vainly tried to stop—the Japanese march down the island steppingstones to this stronghold of the Netherlands East Indies. They went out on bombing missions that no sane man would go out on in a nightmare—a pitiful handful of Fortresses against Japanese fleets that covered the sea. They subsisted on the hope of reinforcements which they heard were on the way—but never came.

It is hard to describe those missions. But there was one little incident—it was no more than an incident in this succession of near-disasters—that stuck in my mind.

Six of the Fortresses went out one night to bomb a Japanese landing force at an island off Australia. When they reached the target, clouds hid the Japanese fleet, so they couldn't bomb. Bombs were scarce then, and they had orders to conserve them. So they turned back with the bomb-bay still loaded.

> On our return we found that storm had moved on down Java and was squatting right on Malang Field. The turf was soaked into apple jelly, and our pilot did a wonderful job on the landing. We were worried, because we knew that a single pound weight on the brakes would start our twenty-five tons sliding over that slippery field like it was the frozen surface of a pond. So to keep from piling up in a crash at the end of the runway (remember, we had all our bombs aboard and couldn't dump them because they were precious), our pilot ground-looped her, so she would start sliding sideways in that muck. Skidding along, he waited until she had revolved in a 180-degree turn and was sliding backward. Of course she would then have crashed tail-first into the end of the field and blown up all of us, but he was able to stop her by gunning the motors. Even if the wheels couldn't bite into that slippery ground, the propellers could bite the air. It was neat.

I met a newspaperman last week who was down in the Far East at the time the 19th Bombardment Group was fighting this battle. He told me some of the things that even Bill White couldn't tell in this story. I don't believe anyone here back home can realize what it meant to fly missions day after day, even night after night, under those conditions. The Fortresses even went in for low-altitude bombings—something they were never designed for. And these men flew them; flew them long after the cockpit became a horror to them, flew them on orders which, in the final pinch, none of them questioned, though they looked often like invitations to death.

To many back home, it may seem that Bill White goes too far in his eloquent description of what this war was to those men. He may seem maudlin, almost, when he describes the death of a Fortress in the high skies. He may seem to be overplaying his story when he tells of how these men flew and fought in the planes they call Queens of the Sky, out there where their homes and American strength seemed so far away.

I think, after reading this book, that it is possible to foresee this reaction among some of its readers. But I cannot agree. Two weeks ago, down at Orlando, Florida, I met one of the pilots—Lt.-Col. James Connally—who was with Frank Kurtz and the 19th from Clark Field through the entire battle. He was a silent man, and he couldn't talk well. I tried to get him to tell me something of what it was like. The most he could say was: "It was pretty bad."

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Why the South Fights as It Does

THE FIGHTING SOUTH. By John Temple Graves. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1943. 282 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by GERALD W. JOHNSON

IN the years when war was obviously drawing closer, but was not yet upon us, countless testers of public opinion, professional and amateur, took countless polls that seemed to indicate a wide variety of trends. In all of them, though, one constant appeared; no matter who took the poll and no matter what was the question, the South consistently showed up as the most warlike section of the country.

Since December 7, 1941, the polls have been strikingly justified by events. The proportion of voluntary enlistments in the fighting services has run appreciably higher in the South than in any other section, and at this moment it has more men in uniform, in proportion to its total population, than any other region. The title of this book is no empty phrase; it indubitably is the fighting South.

In attempting to explain this characteristic Mr. Graves goes into a detailed examination of the culture of the region, but he omits what seems to some observers the simplest and most plausible of all the explanations. The South is the only section of the country that knows by experience what invasion, defeat, and occupation mean. The burnt child dreads fire.

Mr. Graves prefers to explain Southern belligerency on other grounds. He is inclined to think that it rests upon the almost total absence of a Germanic tradition in the South, on the habit of living dangerously, and what he calls "the capacity for being pure of heart," by which he means not sexual mores, but "a knack of going all-out, of standing on no consideration of self, of being one hundred per cent in pure-hearted affirmation." In support of this thesis he argues with eloquence and wit, but also with great shrewdness—so well, indeed, that he makes his case, at least in part. The factors he mentions certainly cannot be dismissed from consideration.

But explanation of the South's fighting proclivities is little more than an excuse for another of those native-son examinations of Dixie which have multiplied so astonishingly within the last decade as to constitute a distinct trend in American literature. Dismissing as *hors concours* the labors of the historians, the sociologists, the biographers, and the devotees of specific localities, we have recently had reports on the South from Jonathan Daniels, W. J. Cash, Virginius Dabney, Douglas S. Freemen, Donald Davidson, William Alexander Percy, Sam Byrd, and Ben Robertson, to mention only those that come first to mind. Now John Temple Graves takes his place in the list.

Mr. Graves is a well-known newspaper columnist and an even better known lecturer. He is attached to the staff of the Birmingham, Alabama, *Age-Herald,* but the connection is loose enough to permit much travel outside of the South, so his report is not that of a provincial. He brings to his examination enough of the point of view of outsiders to understand clearly why they regard some aspects of Southern life as failures of civilization. Mr. Graves is not disposed to be tolerant of such matters; his denunciation of Southern failings is as vigorous as that of any New England critic and frequently better aimed. In fact, he is resentful of the South's display of faults common to all sections—bigotry, intolerance, and obscurantism, for example. His is the counsel of perfection.

—From the drawing by Alexander Key

John Temple Graves

Yet there is one question sharply debated at the moment toward which his attitude is that of the complete realist. This is the movement to seize the opportunity created by the war emergency to secure not merely economic, but also political and social, equality for Southern Negroes. Mr. Graves flatly doesn't believe it can be done now, nor for many years to come; and he does believe that the effort to do it now will have, if it is continued, appalling effects. He challenges the assertion that the Southern Negro's progress has been slow, and produces impressive evidence to support the contention that it has been faster than that of any comparable minority anywhere in the world. He thinks unwise efforts to speed it still more might provoke outbursts of race prejudice that would retard it seriously for many years.

In view of Mr. Graves's record as a friend of the Negro, one who has fought the Negro's battle repeatedly, this opinion is not to be dismissed as the gabble of a Negrophobe. It must be given weight as the honest belief of an experienced observer well acquainted with the situation.

All agree that the South is ailing, to some extent, but the literary diagnosticians' reports run all the way from Mr. Jonathan Daniels's, which seemed to indicate a slight cold in the head, to Mr. William Alexander Percy's, which strongly suggested *rigor mortis.* Mr. Graves's is somewhere between the two, inclining rather to the optimistic side. His prescription, as far as he prescribes at all, is nothing more radical than a dose of old-time religion. But he is, actually, wisely chary of advice. He reports what he has seen, shrewdly, good-humoredly, and gracefully, leaving prophesying to the prophets.

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"MISSION TO MOSCOW"

WE feel justified, in part, for commenting on the new film, "Mission to Moscow," because it stems from a book; in larger part, because it involves the question of propaganda in the arts; in largest part, because we can't resist the temptation of getting something off our chest.

The purpose of the screen version of "Mission to Moscow" is obvious. Many Americans have a distrust of the Soviet amounting to a phobia, and do not like the idea of sending tanks and guns and planes to a Communist nation. They do not see, even at this late stage of the game, that the question of aid to Russia is not a matter of taste but a matter of life and death—for us to no less an extent than for the people of Russia. Nor do they realize, apparently, that the existence of a common enemy has given us the choice of common action or common catastrophe. Such blindspots, moreover, serve also to blot out a vision of the future where, unless there can be a real and deep basis for understanding among the peoples of the world—particularly among the peoples of Britain, Russia, and the United States—the post-war world will have nothing to stand on.

Thus anything that contributes honestly to such an understanding is as welcome as it is necessary. It is our strong conviction, however, that "Mission to Moscow" fails to make such a contribution; indeed, that far from being constructive, it represents a direct threat to the improvement of relations between America and Russia. It plays into the hands of the diehards and professional Soviet baiters, giving them ammunition as abundant as it is unexpected. Before we go into that, though, let us look at the film itself.

"Mission to Moscow" is the dramatized version of Joseph E. Davies's account of his ambassadorship to Soviet Russia, published more than a year ago in a book under that title. Although the film is in fictional form, as contrasted with the semi-documentary and memoir nature of the book, the producers go to considerable effort to emphasize that the picture is a factual and historical account. Moreover, a sweeping endorsement of the picture is provided by Mr. Davies himself, who appears in a prologue to the picture, stating that his purpose in writing the book and in allowing the story to be told on the screen is to present the true account of his term as Ambassador to Russia and to present his general observations. He is anxious, he says, to clear up some of the wide misconceptions about the Soviet. This of course gives the picture something of the quasi-official status enjoyed by the book, which contained many government reports and papers and which was published with the permission of the State Department. Adding further to the film's official atmosphere is the impersonation of leading public figures as part of the story, the Americans among whom include President Roosevelt and Secretary of State Cordell Hull.

All this would seem to close the door automatically against any deviation from the actual record. It would also seem to rule out the customary latitude taken by Hollywood in adapting stories for the screen. At any rate, any plea that the fictionized version must be granted considerable leeway in order to be effective is refuted by the producers themselves in their presentation of the film as historical fact.

JUDGED as historical fact, however, "Mission to Moscow" is a badly snarled jumble, in which are tangled truths, half-truths, facts, near-facts, sheer mistakes, point-stretching, faulty chronology, and out-and-out distortions. There is apparently no effort to identify any of the strands for what they are, or to indicate that matters of opinion are not necessarily matters of fact. A fairly large part of Mr. Davies's book, by the author's own statement, was concerned with individual observation and interpretation. All this—as well as abundant material never appearing in the book—blossoms out in the film as hard-bitten fact while the producers roam far beyond the published work in creating grist for their particular mill. Thus on the very first count—presenting an accurate transcription from the book—the film fails.

It is apparent, too, that the made-to-order purpose of the film carries over to the general conception of history. It seems that history must be re-tailored to fit today's expedient. The Soviet is an ally today, therefore she must be painted as a thorough-going ally yesterday as well. Her foreign policy must be viewed as completely consistent with the welfare of the democracies. The Soviet non-aggression pact with Nazi Germany, which Adolf Hitler himself acknowledged freed his hands and enabled him to go to war against Poland, must be interpreted as a device to save valuable time for the democracies (sic). From the start, and continuing in an *unbroken* line up to the present, the Soviet leaders must be pictured as being arrayed against Hitler. Chronology must be tampered with so that the non-aggression pact with Hitler is made to occur long before it actually did, enabling Ambassador Davies to appear before a Congressional Committee and play the role of prophet concerning the outbreak of war. Congress must be viewed as an entity, *none* of whose members had any inkling of what was happening in the world. By the same token, Winston Churchill must be made to appear a dull old man who has to learn the facts of life from Mr. Davies as they relate to the imminency of war in general and Soviet Russia's position in particular. The whole thing would be laughable if it weren't so tragic.

Thus we have a conception of historical fact as something that can be turned on and off like a garden hose, with whitewash oozing out of the nozzle. There is nothing to indicate that, shortly after the non-aggression pact with Germany, Mr. Stalin told the Russian people that "fascism or democracy is a matter of taste." Instead, the picture has Mr. Stalin talking about "we democracies." There is nothing to indicate that Mr. Litvinov, who appears as one of the heroes of this film, was neatly shelved once the pact began, to be pressed back into service only after Germany violated the non-aggression pact. There is nothing to indicate why, if the non-aggression pact was a pro-democratic "time-saving device," the Communist Party in this country, in common with the Communist parties everywhere, should have condemned the democracies as warmongering imperialists, vilifying the leaders of Great Britain and America. There is nothing to indicate the lengths to which the Communist Party in this country went to hamstring and denounce America's effort to aid Britain, how it opposed conscription, lend-lease, and every measure aiming at America's own self-defense. There is nothing to indicate that while Congress had to put up with its Wheelers and Nyes and Hoffmans and Marcantonios (the latter of whom, incidentally, was the only member of Congress to vote against even the national defense act), there happened to be a number of other Congressmen who were alive to the realities of the day and voted

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and passed measures accordingly. There is no indication . . . but why go on; there is no indication that there is any respect here save for propagandist expediency.

Why bring this up? Why rattle dead skeletons of what happened several years ago as it actually concerned the true position of Soviet leaders and the intensive efforts of the local chapters to block the attempt of the democratic nations to save themselves from Hitler? Bringing up the past isn't our idea; it is the idea of Warner Bros. All we are attempting to do here is to keep the record straight. What happened has happened and no amount of frantic deodorizing can change the reality.

DOES this mean that there is no basis for understanding between the two peoples? Certainly not. Never before were the reasons for mutual respect and friendship so genuine, so strong. The reasons are as large as reality itself. No special glasses are needed to see them. Those reasons happen to be found in a new compact we have with the Russian people—a compact of blood spilled in a common cause, a compact greater than anything that may have happened in the past, something that can enable us to look beyond the past into the future. It is a compact written at Leningrad and Stalingrad and Rostov. A compact signed with the lives of millions of Russian soldiers and civilians who held when to fall back was to give Adolf Hitler the key not only to Russia but possibly to the world. And if you want a motion picture that will help Americans to admire the Russian people, let them see what is happening in Russia today. Better one film on the epic defense of Stalingrad than a hundred lame alibis along the lines of "Mission to Moscow." Here is a job for Warner Bros. in international good-will if they really want one.

And if further reasons are needed to bind the two peoples together, we have only to look at the historical forces already in motion that are working for a democratization of Russia. Russia has not been a democracy in the past—it would have been impossible to have a democracy where a single party perpetuated itself in power and where the voting franchise was limited to party members, or about one out of every fifty people. But does anyone think that the millions of Russion people who have had to go through such a hell on earth as has never been seen in order to save their country from destruction—does anyone think that they will not want to have some say concerning the government they have saved? Does anyone think that these people can be kept from the right to vote after the war? Or the right to make themselves heard? Add to this the phenomenal increase in literacy in Russia over the past twenty-five years, the rapid progress in industrialization, with the promise of unprecedented industrial development after the war; add all this and you have the making of a highly promising balance sheet. Whether we like it or not; whether the Soviet leaders like it or not, the march of progress toward democratic organization is on in Russia and it will be a pretty tough march to try to halt or even to slow up.

Here is a solid, healthy ground for mutuality and good will. Why it should have been necessary to attempt to build on a foundation weakened and corroded by demonstrable untruths and distortions we shall never comprehend. As "Mission to Moscow" now stands, it represents an unfounded confession that no true common ground exists, and that it is therefore necessary to fabricate one. Certainly those who had a hand in the making of this film—and that includes Mr. Davies—must have realized that any structure of understanding is no better than its base; certainly they must have realized that Americans are not idiots, that we haven't completely lost our minds and memories, that to deal in propaganda gymnastics such as this is to indulge in the same type of twisting, stretching, and pulling that is identified with totalitarianitis and that is utterly repugnant to the way of life we are ostensibly now trying to save.

Even more ominous is the fact that this film could not have been issued without specific government authorization. It is not reasonable to suppose that Warner Bros. could have used the names and persons of high government officials, including the President and the Secretary of State, without their specific permission. Nor is it reasonable to suppose that any film actually or purportedly based upon the papers of an Ambassador could be released without direct authorization. Thus we have the astonishing spectacle of the government as a partner or silent partner in a propagandist venture of a highly vulnerable nature.

NOR does the matter rest here. What we must guard against today as well as tomorrow is a feeling of disillusion and cynicism that will act as a deadly weight upon our ability to keep the war won—just as after the last war we forgot about the hard, pressing realities that brought us into the struggle and dwelt interminably and *ad nauseam* upon the thesis that we were hornswoggled into it by lying propaganda. This film is a carrier of the virus of disillusion. Already the sour-noters have seized upon "Mission to Moscow" to prove their claim that the American people have been lied to from the start, that vicious propaganda has brought us into the war and is trying to keep us in it.

This is no exaggeration. The McCormicks and the Pattersons have been rolling "Mission to Moscow" over on their tongues with relish and satisfaction. What can you expect when you hand them such a feast on a silver platter? Nourished and fattened, they are proceeding to throw their weight around not only against the film itself, but against all Hollywood and, indeed, against the very idea of better relations with the Russian people. Upon such meat does reaction feed.

From all of which it may be gathered that we think "Mission to Moscow" an inexplicable and inexcusable blunder.

N. C.

The Cup

By Starr Nelson

FAR below, on the hemlock floor, the fifty lakes
Gleamed like a shattered bowl of cobalt blue.
Somewhere, he said, the giant lovers knew
Their giant drouth. Let us drink for their sakes
This little pool of rainwater that slakes
Our thirst! So we knelt on the rock, and drew
Fifty drops of a most marvellous dew
Into hot summer's mouth.

Oh, when his heart breaks
It will break like a cup, spilling on mountain or plain
Elixir common to men and gods and lakes
On a burning summer day! Sweet is the residue
That clings to the sun-fired clay. He will not rue
Mortality while lovers, after rain,
Sip from cylixian shards his glittering stain.

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POSTERITY Looks Back at the Critics

THE WORKS OF JOHN MILTON.
[Now available in eighteen volumes. Published by the Columbia University Press, New York, from 1931 to 1938, and priced at $105 the set.]

HIS Fame is gone out like a Candle in a Snuff, and his Memory will always stink, which might have ever lived in honourable Repute, had not he been a notorious Traytor, and most impiously and villanously bely'd that blessed Martyr, King *Charles* the First."

—WILLIAM WINSTANLEY, *"The Lives of the Most Famous English Poets," 1668.*

"His antiquated words were his choice, not his necescity; for therein he imitated Spenser, as Spenser did Chaucer. . . . Neither will I justify Milton for his blank verse, though I may excuse him, by the example of Hannibal Caro, and other Italians, who have used it; for whatever causes he alleges for the abolishing of rhyme, (which I have not now the leisure to examine), his own particular reason is plainly this, that rhyme was not his talent. . . ."

—JOHN DRYDEN, *"Essay on Satire," 1692.*

Verse without rhyme I never could endure,
Uncouth in numbers, and in sense obscure.
To him as nature, when he ceased to see,
Milton's an universal blank to me.

—JAMES BRAMSTON, *"The Man of Taste," 1731.*

"I have nothing to say for rhyme, but that I doubt whether a poem can support itself without it, in our language; unless it be stiffened with such strange words, as are likely to destroy our language itself."

—ALEXANDER POPE, *"Spence's Anecdotes," 1737-39.*

"The clumsy imitator of the Greeks who caricatures creation and who, while Moses represents the Eternal Being as creating the world by his word, makes the Messiah take a big compass out of a cupboard in heaven to trace out the work. What? I admire the man who has spoilt Tasso's hell and Tasso's devil . . . ? Neither I, nor anybody in Italy, has ever been able to take pleasure in all these dismal extravagances. . . . This obscure, eccentric, and disgusting poem ['Paradise Lost'] was despised at its birth: and I treat it to-day as it was treated in its own country by its own contemporaries."

—FRANÇOIS MARIE AROUET VOLTAIRE, *Signor Pococurante, "Candide," 1758-9.*

"The best example of an exquisite ear that I can produce. . . . The more we attend to the composition of Milton's harmony, the more we shall be sensible how he loved to vary his pauses, his measures, and his feet, which gives that enchanting air of freedom and wildness to his versification, unconfined by any rules but those which his own feeling and the nature of his subject demanded."

—THOMAS GRAY, *"Observations on English Metre," 1761?*

"More concise than Homer, more simple than Tasso, more nervous than Lucretius; had he lived in a later age, and learned to polish some rudeness in his verses; had he enjoyed better fortune, and possessed leisure to watch the returns of genius in himself, he had attained the pinnacle of perfection, and borne away the palm of epic poetry."

—DAVID HUME, *"The History of England," The Commonwealth, 1762.*

"The introduction to both ['L'Allegro' and 'Il Penseroso'] in irregular measure is borrowed from the Italians, and hurts an English ear."

—OLIVER GOLDSMITH, *"The Beauties of English Poetry," 1767.*

"Milton,—the most perfect scholar, as well as the sublimest poet, that our country has ever produced."

—SIR WILLIAM JONES, *letter to Lady Spencer, 1769.*

"The diction is harsh, the rhymes uncertain, and the numbers unpleasing. . . . In this poem there is no nature, for there is nothing new. Its form is that of a pastoral,—easy, vulgar, and therefore disgusting: whatever images it can supply are long ago exhausted, and its inherent improbability always forces dissatisfaction on the mind. . . . This poem ['Lycidas'] has yet a grosser fault. With these trifling fictions are mingled the most awful and sacred truths, such as ought never to be polluted with such irreverend combinations.

—SAMUEL JOHNSON, *"John Milton" (Lives of the English Poets), 1779.*

"Of all English poets that ever lived, had certainly the finest ear."

—WILLIAM COWPER, *letter to Lady Hesketh, 1786.*

"Do you not know that there is not perhaps *one page* in Milton's 'Paradise Lost' in which he has not borrowed his imagery from the Scriptures? I allow and rejoice that *Christ* appealed only to the understanding and the affections; but I affirm that after reading Isaiah, or St. Paul's 'Epistle to the Hebrews,' Homer and Virgil are disgustingly *tame* to me, and Milton himself barely tolerable."

—SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, *"Letters," 1796.*

"It is questionable if any real benefit accrued to the language of English poetry from its increased leaning to the Latinism of Milton rather than to the Germanism of Spenser: but this tendency being a fact, Milton must be regarded as the greater master of style, and in many respects the standard of dignified poetic expression."

—FREDERICK SCHLEGEL, *"Lectures on the History of Literature," 1815.*

"The quantity of art in him shows the strength of his genius; the weight of his intellectual obligations would have oppressed any other writer."

—WILLIAM HAZLITT, *"Lectures on the English Poets," 1818.*

"John Milton, the poet, the statesman, the philosopher, the glory of English literature, the champion and the martyr of English liberty. . . . Neither blindness, nor gout, nor age, nor penury, nor domestic afflictions, nor political disappointments, nor abuse, nor proscription, nor neglect, had power to disturb his sedate and majestic patience. His spirits do not seem to have been high, but they were singularly equable. His temper was serious, perhaps stern; but it was a temper which no sufferings could render sullen or fretful. Such as it was, when, on the eve of great events, he returned from his travels, in the prime of health and manly beauty, loaded with literary distinction and glowing with patriotic hopes, such it continued to be—when, after having experienced every calamity which is incident to our nature, old, poor, sightless, and disgraced, he retired to his hovel to die.

—THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY, *"Milton," Edinburgh Review, 1825.*

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

A Letter from M. Lamartine

SIR: Sufficient time has elapsed to make the publication of this letter harmless—that is, from the standpoint of personal relationships. But I also write because I feel that this letter can be useful in a genuinely patriotic sense.

In 1934, when I was the head of the French Academy of Design, I made the statement at the international conference in Paris of millinery artists and designers that fashion is not intrinsic but dependent upon psychology and public relations technique. Following my talk, I was challenged privately by Max Gerhardt, the famous Austrian designer. He claimed that it would be impossible to popularize any style that did not have real, intrinsic beauty and appeal.

After some discussion, with neither of us able to carry his own point, we entered into a wager of fifty thousand francs. I was willing to wager that I myself could design a preposterous head-covering for women and that it would be quickly taken up and accepted by women all over the world. Gerhardt readily accepted.

For the next week I worked with great industry on the creation of a fantastically shaped and atrociously decorated hat. It was not even a head-covering, since it was almost flat and had to be pinned to the top of the head to remain fixed. Onto this grotesque creation, I affixed some unrelated feathers and flowers.

With perfect seriousness I announced my design. As I anticipated, the leading milliners of Paris, London, and New York enthusiastically hailed the new creation, proceeding to announce to the women of the world the birth of a new style. Within a year I myself designed no fewer than eighty-four separate variants of this unique head-covering, each one more monstrous than the next. Each design, however, had this in common with the others: there was a deviation from all the known canons of artistic harmony; there were decorations protruding from decorations, colors clashed wherever possible; long feathers would bristle out at least a foot over the head. Moreover, the shape was not designed to fit the human head at all, and, as I said before, could not stay on without artificial help. Sometimes the hat was pitched forward in such a way that it was impossible for the wearer to see anything except by tilting her head all the way back.

In April, 1935, I received a letter from Gerhardt (this was two months before his death) enclosing a check for fifty thousand francs and acknowledging the validity of my argument. But Gerhardt pointed out that it might be disastrous to the entire millinery industry all over the world were I to turn my back on my creation, however fantastic, and were I to attempt to resume immediately with designs of true esthetic value.

I, of course, disagreed strongly with such a view. Nevertheless, I kept the secret for six months, and then decided to take into my confidence Jacques De Roget and Camille Plantemps, the latter of whom succeeded me as head of the Academy. I presented to them the problem of straightening out the headdress of the world. After they recovered from their initial astonishment, they were adamant that nothing be done to reveal what had actually happened.

Needless to say, I was shocked by this attitude, and it is a matter of record that I resigned from the Academy at that time, abandoning completely the field of millinery and women's clothing for landscape architecture, with which I had some familiarity early in life. One year later I was given a commission to supervise landscaping for the League of Nations buildings in Geneva. When war appeared imminent in 1939, I had just completed my work in Geneva and I left for Stockholm at the invitation of the Swedish Government, which offered me the opportunity to direct the planning of land-murals in the government park just outside Stockholm. I arrived in the United States three months before Pearl Harbor and have not attempted to do anything in a sustained sense.

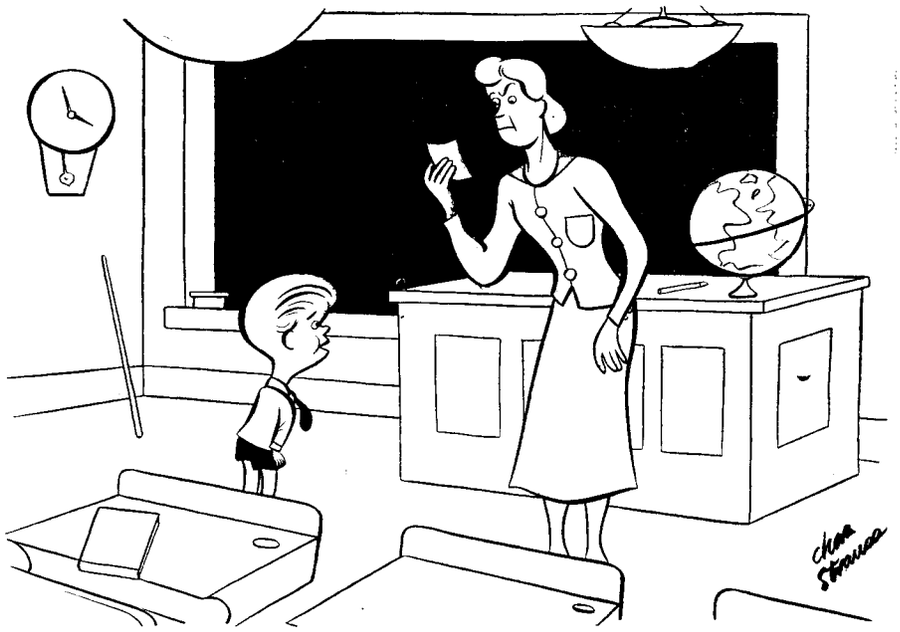
But I am straying from my central point. I am writing to *The Saturday Review* about this entire episode for two reasons: first, because I want to reach the writers and historians of the country so that the record shall now be made correct as it pertains to the origin of the present hat vogue. Second, because I feel that continued silence on my part no longer serves a useful purpose. In fact, I believe the hat style that I created and that is now still in vogue uses much material that would be better used were it to go directly into the war effort. I am referring here to the countless wires for flower decorations, the millions of long pins necessary to keep the hats in place, the huge tonnage of glue for fixings, the untold quantity of rubber and elastic bands sometimes used instead of pins, the miles of lace going into veils, etc., etc. All this has absolutely no reason for being. In fact, all hesitation about writing you has been dissolved by a news item appearing in today's *New York Times* (Saturday, May 15th). Your Mr. Donald Nelson, according to this news dispatch from Washington, deplored the prevailingly large use of fabrics in women's wear. He furthermore emphasized the threat to lend-lease unless there is a severe curtailment of superfluous goods.

You may be sure that had I realized, back in 1934 and 1935, that my creation would persist and that it would be responsible for diverting essential materials from free peoples of this world who are fighting for their survival, I would never have made my ill-fated wager. Moreover, were it not for the war I should probably have carried my secret to my grave.

I have chosen to announce this through you because, in my days in Geneva and Stockholm, *The Saturday Review* provided my only contact with the American people. Please feel free to publicize this letter in any way you wish. I have confidence that you will know much better than I how this story might properly be announced. I am, sirs, your humble servant,

GUSTAVE LAMARTINE.

New York, N. Y.



"I know it's a short theme, but the Government is asking us to conserve paper."

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TRADE Winds

ONE OF OUR VISITING English publishers, squirming in rhythm with me under the lash of a particularly dull and interminable after-dinner speech, saved my life by whispering the following story in my ear.

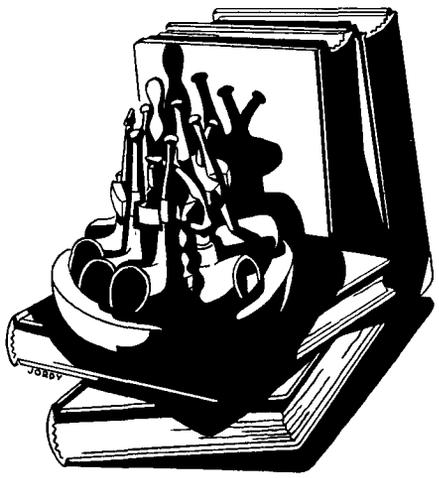
An impoverished cobbler living in a tiny village in Europe had an incredibly ugly and stupid daughter. He had long abandoned any hope of ever getting her off his hands, when one day the local matchmaker dropped in and dropped this bombshell: "I have a match for your daughter." . . . "It can't be," the cobbler exclaimed. "Not after all these years. Who is the man?" . . . "Count Petrovsky," calmly announced the matchmaker.

The father was stunned. Count Petrovsky, the richest, most aristocratic, the most handsome—no, he couldn't permit it. "My daughter would only be unhappy," he said. "She wouldn't know how to act in his company. The Count is out of her class."

The matchmaker pleaded, pointed out that the cobbler was standing in the way of his daughter's happiness—but to no avail. The best he could do was persuade the bewildered man to submit the matter to the wise old mayor. This he did, and, after much discussion and meditation on the part of the mayor, was told that the matter had best be referred to the governor. Again much discussion and much thought, and the governor said "Yes." The matchmaker snatched up his coat and ran from the room. The cobbler dashed after him, grabbed him by the sleeve, and asked, "Where are you going?" "Now," replied the matchmaker, "All I have to do is sell the idea to Count Petrovsky." . . .

ISAK DINESEN's "Winter's Tales" has been the cause of violent argument between the Danish author's devout worshippers and those who consider her work difficult and over-stylized. In this argument, I am a middle-of-the-roader, but certainly there can be no two minds about one story in the new collection. It is called "Sorrow Acre," and was reprinted in the current *Ladies' Home Journal*. Eventually, I expect that you will find it in a dozen anthologies. It is one of the saddest and most beautiful stories, I think, that was ever written. . . . If you have never read anything by Isak Dinesen, here is a little anecdote, complete in itself, culled from another of her "Winter's Tales":

"I have heard a story," said Peter, "of a skipper who named his ship after his wife. He had the figure-head of it beautifully carved, just like her, and the hair of it gilt. But his wife was jealous of the ship. 'You think more of the figure-head than of me,' she said to him, 'No,' he answered, 'I think so highly of her because she is like you, yes, because she is you yourself. Is she not gallant, full-bosomed; does she not dance in the waves, like you at our wedding? In a way she is really even kinder to me than you are. She gallops along where I tell her to go, and she lets her long hair hang down freely, while you put up yours under a cap. But she turns her back to me, so that when I want a kiss I come home to Elsinore.' Now once, when this skipper was trading at Trankebar, he chanced to help an old native King to flee from traitors in his own country. As they parted the King gave him two big blue, precious stones, and these he had set into the face of his figure-head, like a pair of eyes to it. When he came home he told his wife of his adventure, and said: 'Now she has your blue eyes too.' 'You had better give me the stones for a pair of earrings,' said she. 'No,' he said again, 'I cannot do that, and you would not ask me to if you understood.' Still the wife could not stop fretting about the blue stones, and one day, when her husband was with the skippers' corporation, she had a glazier of the town take them out, and put two bits of blue glass into the figure-head instead, and the skipper did not find out, but sailed off to Portugal. But after some time the skipper's wife found that her eyesight was growing bad, and that she could not see to thread a needle. She went to a wise woman, who gave her ointments and waters, but they did not help her, and in the end the old woman shook her head, and told her that this was a rare and incurable disease, and that she was going blind. 'Oh, God,' the wife then cried, 'that the ship was back in the harbor of Elsinore. Then I should have the glass taken out, and the jewels put back. For did he not say that they were my eyes?'



But the ship did not come back. Instead the skipper's wife had a letter from the Consul of Portugal, who informed her that she had been wrecked, and gone to the bottom with all hands. And it was a very strange thing, the Consul wrote, that in broad daylight she had run straight into a tall rock, rising out of the sea."

STRUTHERS BURT, in his recent review of "Winter's Tales" for the *SRL,* tells a story of the origin of the name of "Est Est Est" wine that does not quite jibe with the version I know. *My* story has for its hero Baron Fugger, an estimable German with an impeccable taste for food and drink, who decided to tour Italy sixty or seventy years ago. The baron took the precaution of sending a trusted servant ahead of him on his proposed route. It was the servant's duty to sample the wine at every hostel and monastery along the way. If he approved, he chalked up the word "est" on the outer gate, and the baron then knew exactly where it was safe for him to refill his tank. One sunny morning the servant pulled up at the monastery of Montefiascome, a bare fifty miles north of Rome, and called for a carafe of the native wine. It was so wonderful that he rushed to the gate and chalked up "EST! EST! EST!" A few days later, the baron reached Montefiascome, and marveling at this sudden extravagance upon the part of a customarily imperturbable connoisseur, wheezed up the hill on the double and demanded some of the wine that was responsible. One sip was all he needed. He unpacked his duds, and promptly drank himself to death. Just before he expired—in a daze of complete happiness—he made a solemn pact with the good friars. He left half of his entire estate to the monastery on condition that once each year, a barrel of Est, Est, Est would be emptied over his grave. Until the outbreak of the present war, at least, this ceremony was religiously performed every Spring. As a matter of fact, it worked no hardship on the friars, because the wine, delicious as it was in Montefiascome, lost much of its quality if moved as little as twenty miles to Orvieto, the town nearest by, and was therefore literally a drug on the market. I stopped at Montefiascome for a sample myself back in 1928. A bottle cost the equivalent of eighteen cents. Every member of my party consumed an entire bottle with no pain whatever. By the time we hit Orvieto for lunch we couldn't tell the difference between the cathedral and the remains of the aqueduct. . . .

MOTION PICTURES. . . . Noel Coward's next picture will be called "This Happy Breed." Just as his superb "In

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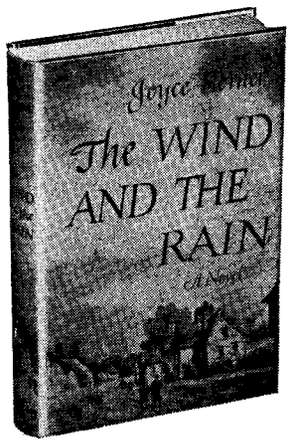
"He's working like mad on a biography or bibliography or something for the 1947 Fall List of some University Press."

Which We Serve" was the story of a ship, "This Happy Breed" is the story of a house, a London suburban house in the period between the two world wars. Coward himself is playing the lead in the play version now current in London, but unfortunately for American audiences, he will not appear in the film. . . . Jolliest picture of the month, despite a sloppy ending, is "The More the Merrier," with two of the most dependable stars in the business: Jean Arthur and Charles Coburn. . . . I went to see "Mission to Moscow" on the theory that anything that could get Eugene Lyons that sore was worth seeing. It scrambles facts, and its sequences devoted to the private affairs of the Davies family are awful, but its heart is in the right place. The die-hards have renamed it "Submission to Moscow"; the newly orphaned comrades who wanted to burn "The Fifth Seal," on the other hand, are sitting through seven shows a day so they can cheer at the proper places. An unbelieving agent staggered away muttering, "If Warner's can make a successful moving picture out of that material, they ought to take a crack at the binomial theorem." Incidentally, that was Dudley Field Malone, all right, playing Churchill, but I wonder whose voice was dubbed in to recite his lines. . . . Best sellers now before the cameras include "The Song of Bernadette," "See Here, Private Hargrove," and "Guadalcanal Diary." . . . "Lady of Burlesque," the sapolioed film version of "The G-String Murders," has been released. It's atrocious. . . . Some Belgian patriots recently blew up a Nazi vessel docked at Antwerp. Only clue was a guard's statement that he had seen a woman lurking in the shadows just before the explosion. The Gestapo began a search for the woman, felt they were on the right track when an anonymous Belgian mailed in the photo of a curvaceous girl, minus name, or address. The photo was reprinted in all Belgian papers, with a hefty reward offered for her identification. Two thousand delighted Belgians promptly claimed the reward. The girl in the photo was Paulette Goddard. . . .

CONGRESSMEN who heard Churchill's recent speech were able to check on a mannerism first pointed out by Quent Reynolds: before he delivers a witticism, the Prime Minister invariably widens his stance, and tucks his hands into either coat pocket, thumbs exposed. . . . At a dinner last week, Judge Liebowitz was asked for an autograph by an admirer. The judge gave it, and told the man next to him, "This is the second time I've signed my name in the past few hours. The first time was to a document sending a man to the electric chair." . . . A famous correspondent in Hawaii feuded with the censors eight or nine weeks after Pearl Harbor, and, in revenge, sneaked a line into a cable that read "The Navy is raising three of the two battleships sunk here on December 7." It slipped through the censorship office, but the correspondent deleted it himself when his friends painted a glowing picture of where his triumph was likely ultimately to deposit him. . . . *Newsweek* recorded the following puns in its last issue, claiming that they originated on a single radio program: BUCCANEER: What you'll pay for corn if inflation sets in. PARACHUTES: What you buy with your number 17 coupon. AMAZON: The first part of a sentence—Well, Amazon of a gun." INCONGRUOUS: That's where the laws are made—incongruous. . . . Water! Water! Mr. Huebsch has fainted! . . . .

BENNETT CERF.



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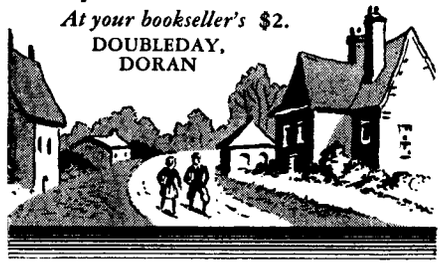

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The University Approach

An Editorial

THE purpose of this special section is not to suggest that the publications of the university press are in a special category and are therefore deserving of special treatment, but to provide some much-needed recognition for an important branch of American publishing. Fifty universities in this country are at present engaged in the business of producing books—some with a more comprehensive and intensive approach than others, but all of them, nevertheless, in publishing in one sense or another.

The principal difference, of course, between the university press and the commercial or general publisher is that the latter must show a profit on its books or go into bankruptcy. The university press operates under no such imperative. Indeed, with its eyes wide open it frequently sets out to issue books whose chances for profitable sale are slimmer than the new gas rations. In this respect, university presses would seem to fall into the category of non-self-sustaining and parasitic social organizations that include education, the church, public welfare, hospitals, scientific research, government, national defense, and a few other subsidized activities, even including shipping. This is not to say that no university presses ever publish profitable books. On the contrary, many presses can boast of books the sales of which would please any commercial publisher. The point is that, after royalties, all profits are plowed under as subsidy for other books. That university presses are important, socially and culturally, intelligence cannot deny—and ignorance cannot affirm. Mankind can be divided, intellectually, on the basis of attitude to these poor step-sisterish organizations. The politician, with the chronic, anti-brain-trust orientation, cannot—and it would be a waste of time to try to make him—see anything useful in the publication of anthropological measurements of the human skull. Indeed, the intellectually sympathetic sometimes are hard put to it to understand the immediate or even ultimate social and cultural value and significance of some of the abstrosities (to coin a word) that come out of learned minds. Fortunately, for future mankind, university presses are committed to an approach to publishing that measures value in terms of something besides immediate profit and conspicuous and tangible value.

To scientists, it is as important to know what can't be done as it is to know what can—and much of their time is inevitably devoted to blocking out areas of aridity. University presses do, and should, publish the findings of unsuccessful, as well as of successful or promising, experiments, lest time be wasted, and money, too, crawling laboriously and hopefully up the same blind alleys. Hence the standard *raison d'être* of university presses: to publish those writings which are of value to scholars, but not to commercial publishers. Christopher Morley, more than any other contemporary, is creditable for circulation of the only-too-true observation of old Parson Fuller, to wit: the world has gained most from those books by which the printers have lost most. Let the conspicuous, the tangible, the profitable aspects of something new be demonstrated, and it quickly becomes self-subsidizing. But let us recognize that behind practically every single benefit of this so-called Western Civilization—the refrigerator, rubber, vitamins, blood-stream antiseptics, to mention only a few—there has been a long history of trial and error, of intangible and conspicuously unuseful experiment, of academic endeavor to break through the frontier of ignorance. There are too many people in high places who have no compunction whatsoever in condemning, as utter folly, the efforts their more serious companions make to dispel ignorance and hasten the day of universal wisdom. To this extent, university presses and the people who run and serve them are evangelical—devoted to a cause the shape and size of which they may never know or see.

But this is not all! We have mentioned, in the preceding argument, only those efforts and findings that—when successful and fruitful—are conspicuously tangible and profitable: things that industry and commerce, as now organized, can take over and make money from, with, and by. There are other things that scholars do, and university presses publish, that are not now, and never will be, God willing, exploitable for coin and cash. We have in mind those areas of academic activity devoted to knowledge of man, his mind, his social ways, the difficulties he habitually runs into trying to make his way in the world without disturbing his fellows. These are the areas in which man is least disciplined, the areas in which wars are caused, the areas the study of which is paradoxically called the *disciplines* of economics, sociology, political science, anthropology, philosophy, psychology, linguistics—in short, the humanities. There is little fame in psychology or anthropology, and the other human disciplines. And it is in the publication of the findings of scholars in these disciplines that university presses have their greatest troubles, and are most to be pitied.

If peace on earth is impossible, then a lot of people in colleges and universities are wasting their time. But if peace is not impossible, if a more equable society can be achieved, if mankind is not doomed to bickering and squabbling, if humans are not born some to comfort and others to squalor, then the efforts of our Boases, our Giddings, our Lowells, our Veblens should be hailed, should be honored, should be recognized as are the Biblical Prophets. If it took 603 endeavors and experiments to find a cure for syphilis, and *more* than seventy-five years to teach us poor fools to take advantage of it, then in how short a time must sociologists and political scientists and philosophers produce a cure-all for war and economic inequity in order to escape the odium of being cloistered dabblers at things that are not conspicuously and tangibly valuable in terms of stocks and bonds, and of dividends and profits. There is not a university press in this country that is not beating its institutional head against such a bulkhead of bigotry, skepticism, and short-sightedness. The books that it publishes about these topics cost money to their authors, and lose money for their publishers; they are seldom interpreted for the general public. Consequently, the general support they get—these books and their authors—is akin to that which Hitler would get if he tried to sell poppies on the lower East Side of New York. And the support the university presses get is not much greater. To be sure, there are Foundations—a lot of them—whose funds (and they amount to millions) are devoted to the subsidizing of humanistic research, and also—though to a much lesser and much less enlightened extent—to the underwriting of the publication of humanistic research. But the truth remains: University presses are not recognized (and not even by their own universities) as being important enough to require subsidizing on a scale equal to that of scholarship.

DONALD PORTER GEDDES, *Guest Editor.*

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Storm Signals Ahead

The Presses Are Facing a Critical Period

DONALD BEAN

UNIVERSITY presses are in for tough sledding for the duration —and possibly longer. This prediction may not alarm people who are already worried about their own personal affairs. It is possible, however, to demonstrate that they should be concerned if this prophecy has any validity.

The security of our American form of democracy and our distinctive pattern of civilization will not be settled on the battlefield. After the smoke clears Americans will be able to see more clearly that the struggle, while victorious, has nevertheless cost the loss of many of the principles which it was thought were being defended and preserved. Total war demands sacrifice of many civil rights, personal liberties, and democratic procedures. These sacrifices are voluntary and temporary, it is true, but they are also so extensive as to threaten the vitality of the usual social forces and agencies that are concerned with the regeneration of healthy intellectual, political, and social life.

Think for a moment of what is happening to the homes, the schools, the churches, and the economic and social life of the youth of this and other lands. Selective military service in America begins at the age of eighteen. This means that those who try to get any college education at all before entering the army are limited to two years at the very most. Emphasis in college courses during this two-year period is almost exclusively on vocational and technical subjects which will help in winning the war. The intellectual leadership of the next generation will be fundamentally affected by this change.

There is, from the point of view of this paper, an even more serious change in the programs of the colleges and universities of the land. The activities of teachers and qualified scientific investigators are now almost exclusively concentrated on applied problems directly connected with the winning of the war. Theoretical or so-called "pure" research has been laid aside for the duration. This change in the nature of scientific and scholarly activities will profoundly affect the amount and quality of the research and scholarship of this country for many years to come.

Some of us remember the situation that followed World War I too vividly to forget what happened at that time. This war has lasted almost as long as World War I and the suspension of intellectual activities is already more complete and the likelihood of a prompt return to anything approaching a normal rate of literary output of scholars and scientists is already much more remote than it was in 1917.

Those engaged in scholarly publishing may tend to over-emphasize the seriousness of such aspects of the war situation. They are prone to shudder at anything that retards scientific and scholarly inquiry or that affects the expeditious exchange and dissemination of the results of these endeavors on a prompt and extensive scale, since university presses feel the immediate effect of these changes in the number and quality of scholarly and scientific manuscripts.

IT would be difficult for university presses to over-emphasize the adverse effects of the war on their foreign markets because of the demoralization of the international exchange of scholarly material or of the domestic market because of the absorption in books of immediate wartime interest and technical and vocational subjects. Those of us who know university presses well know also that their situation is further intensified by the fact that many of them were not on a sound economic basis when the war began. There were and still are too many small presses.

—Woodcut by Charles Martin

Most university presses operate on too little capital, too little volume, and too large a scale of overhead expenditure. They have failed to learn how to cooperate with other university presses on the practical selling, marketing, and distribution problems.

These, then, are some of the reasons for predicting that university presses are in for a period of tough sledding. The weaker ones will undoubtedly be forced to suspend publishing activities. The stronger ones will be forced to adjust their programs to suit present conditions or to retrench drastically their scale of operation.

Intelligent people who are concerned with the future of education and scholarship and who feel that intellectual leadership has a definite relationship to sound and efficient democracy will wish the administrative officers of university presses success in meeting the problems of the difficult situation which lies ahead. Those of us who are alumni of university presses will perhaps be permitted some concrete suggestions:

(1) Coöperation between scholarly presses would seem to offer real possibilities. Economies in the cost of placing scholarly material in the hands of the ultimate consumer can be achieved by a reduction in unit costs as well as by an increase in sales volume. Some improvement along this line has been made through coöperation between presses in recent years. The leading university presses maintain a centralized mailing list called the Educational Directory which serves all of these presses at greatly reduced cost compared with the previous situation when each press maintained its own mailing list. Coöperative listings of offerings, coöperative sales efforts, and the preparation of joint publicity materials could achieve further economies. These measures will probably be undertaken when the situation makes them imperative.

(2) More imagination and resourcefulness are needed in the selection of manuscripts, their editorial preparation, and in their presentation to the public than has so far appeared in the offerings during the present emergency. This is not a suggestion that university presses should neglect scholarly publishing or change their essential character as scholarly publishers, nor even that they should expand commercial operations in the direction of more speculative trade publishing. Particularly doubtful at such times would seem to be large scale operations, such as dictionaries, encyclopaedias, and subscription enterprises. There are scholars, however, who are making thoughtful contributions to the modern scene whose literary activities could be stimulated further in these directions. There are lines of educational and scientific thinking which will be needed when the emergency is over which deserve attention and effort at this time.

(3) The greatest need of all is for a new understanding on the part of scholars and educational institutions of the essential nature of the scholar-

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ly publishing problem and a new sense of personal and institutional responsibility toward its solution. There would be no difficulty in financing scholarly publishing if scholars were sufficiently concerned about it to treat all of their literary output in one financial reckoning so that the returns from the more profitable ventures might provide the means for financing manuscripts with more limited marketing possibilities. A university press, in the final analysis, is a coöperative venture for the benefit of scholars of a given institution. Educational institutions, after providing the funds to carry on research which represents more than nine-tenths of the total cost of that research, should also consider carefully whether they should not go one step further in providing the remaining one-tenth of the cost by providing the subsidy necessary for publication. A reserve of ten per cent of the research budgets of educational institutions would accomplish that result. The practice would also probably decrease the amount which the institution spends in another part of its budget as the purchaser of scholarly books and journals, but these considerations are elusive accounting aspects of the matter which have so far evaded educational administrators. Scholars, however, can be relied upon to discover the essential economic problems involved when the situation becomes sufficiently acute for them to give the matter careful attention.

What I really mean to suggest by these devious reflections is that university presses face a difficult situation; that it is not insoluble, and that the need for real usefulness and service to the cause of scholarship and letters is more real and more important than at any time in the past.

Gearing the Press for Action

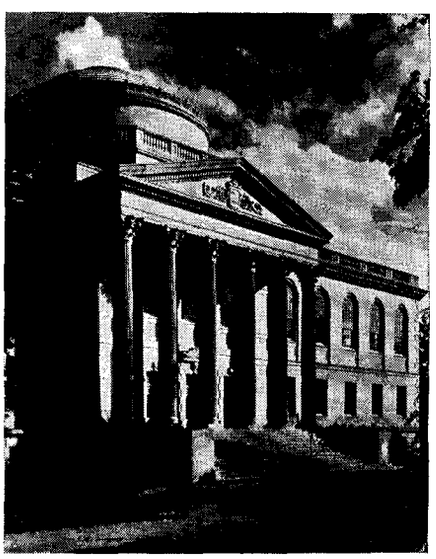
It Must Enjoy Full University Standing to Live

JOSEPH A. BRANDT

A UNIVERSITY press might well be defined as an intellectual ambassador of learning. A university president with a slight allergy to red ink could justify his expenditures on books to his trustees on the grounds that scholarly publishing is the finest form of off-campus public relations. And if he had a keen interest in the promotion of scholarship, he might add in his report to his trustees that no other agency existed on his campus as effective in stimulating continuous scholarship as his press.

The day is gone when university presses need defense, if ever they required it. Going, too, are many misconceptions at home and abroad about university presses. They are no longer regarded, even by the most carping critic, as a Shangri-la for rejected books which commercial publishers scorned. They are gradually escaping the clutching hands of that diminishing group of scholars who believe the acme of scholarship is supreme dullness. In a few foxholes here and there, unfortunately, a number of old-fashioned "scholarly" reviewers are still firing at the presses with weapons of Cressy vintage, complaining because the lines of text exceed those of footnotes or because the author was so renegade as to consider himself writing for an audience. The modern university press is on the whole operated by publishers who have professional as well as scholarly pride in their lists.

The number of university presses in this country is rather limited, and perhaps it is just as well. I have talked and corresponded with many administrators throughout the nation whose graduate schools are stirring and who naturally want the imprimatur of their own university to record that growth. Too many, far too many, of these administrators had a false notion of staff required, of losses to be suffered, of the professional side of publishing. They thought first, as a rule, of an agile young assistant professor of English or of journalism with a Ph. D. from Nostalgia University, who might put in his spare time editing such manuscripts as might come in to his office. To these administrators with longings for an Oxford or Cambridge University Press in the inner recesses of their minds I have always replied, "Don't undertake a press unless you are willing to see it through as a *publishing* enterprise of equal importance to any other division of the campus. I was once one of those agile young men who was editor, secretary, proof reader, designer, sales manager, and publisher, all bundled into one nervous human package, and I do not recommend such beginnings.



University of North Carolina Library

Publishing is art in business. And in justice to the authors, if not to the university, no new university press should be begun in this country unless it is founded on the principle of professional amateurism. The presses now in existence are adequate for the publishing scholarship of the country. Not all scholarly work being produced should be published. The scholarly author, if he is an author as well as a scholar, must write for an audience. That audience may be quite small but, if the author has made a real contribution to scholarship, no university president should ever hesitate at the size of the loss figure his publisher submits to him. General publishers in this country have aided scholarship magnificently but it is not their function, after all, to stimulate scholarship and continuously widen the horizon of learning. This is the peculiar function of the editor or publisher of the university press. He can succeed when frequently the dean of the graduate school or even the president with the lure of a sabbatical leave may well fail.

JUST as libraries of the country are now beginning to pool resources, so that special collections will not duplicate but rather become the richer because foolish competition has been eliminated, so might universities having a small and consistent output of scholarly writing consider the question of joint publication with university presses already in existence. Some such arrangements are already working most happily. Of course, should a university be prepared to embark on the adventure of book publishing with proper financing and proper staff, all would welcome the newcomer. But too frequently, university presidents feel that when they have aided in the publication of a professor's book, they have conferred a favor on the professor. Such an attitude is unhealthful so far as sound publishing practice is concerned. A university press should be business-like in all its dealings with authors; and the president of the university should regard the work of his press as stimulating, rather than aiding scholarship.

Scholarship, however, is a nebulous,

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frequently confusing, term in American academic life. The trade-union term is "research." Research may be anything first undertaken to obtain a job on a university faculty, and continued so that promotion and pay increases are assured. Viewed thus, research is a superior form of bricklaying in which one erects a façade, noble in his own estimation and impressive in the eyes of his president, or research may be the required tedium to satisfy the requirements of the Ph. D. degree, and laid aside like a uniform on demobilization. Or research may be an impelling force seeking constantly after truth. This is the only real research, the only real scholarship, and it is the only scholarship worth publishing.

I think there is beginning a healthy rebellion among university administrators against the false concept of scholarship *qua* research which has been tending to atrophy American education. At a recent meeting of college and university presidents, sponsored by the Hazen Foundation, which I attended, I was amazed at the spontaneous and virtually unanimous condemnation of the dehydrated product being furnished in increasing numbers by the graduate schools of the country. Instead of this hooded variety of scholar —a kind of intellectual Ku Klux Klan —these presidents wanted first of all inspiring teachers.

Naturally, inspiring teaching and real scholarship can go hand in hand. They should. The frontiers of learning are extended each generation by curious, adventurous men and women who want ultimate truth. Values remain constant, though transformed by each succeeding generation. It is here that the university presses have been far more alert than the graduate schools. The deans of the graduate schools at first began to establish climate and environment (for the graduate school is young as a branch of the American university); but before long the deans took on the protective coloration of their environment. More and more universities, whether they had the resources or not, felt compelled to offer the doctorate. The master's degree, once the ultimate in earned advanced degrees, was gradually reduced in value to a super bachelor's degree. And now the doctorate is in similar danger. The essence of the Ph. D.—an original and humane contribution to knowledge—was consumed in the need for speeding up the production of more doctorates. The university presses were required or expected to publish the many theses growing out of the doctoral factory. The reaction which a thesis made on the small doctoral committee of examiners was quite a different one, frequently, when the thesis became a printed book, seeking an audience. Even though the graduate dean acted as though the editor of the press was nonexistent so far as consultation went, the editor or publisher soon began to realize that at least he must be selective in what he could and should publish. The result of that decision, made in virtually every university press of the country, has been most healthy. It will take time but eventually the lesson learned by the university presses, and now being learned by administrators, will be absorbed by the graduate schools.

TOO many young men, far too many, are made the unwilling intellectual slaves of older professors and made either to conform at the very time their minds should be expanding, or to suffer unhappiness. I, as a publisher, have frequently yielded against my better judgment to this situation, in which a promising young scholar has had to defer reaching a rightful place in the world of scholarship because there seemed no time when the intellectual umbilical cord could be cut. Now, I want to make it quite clear that the young mind can profit from the direction of an understanding and mature mind, but my complaint is that ideas are far too frequently strangled in learning methodology.

What I, as a university president, should like to see, is closer harmony between university presses and the graduate schools of the country. If the graduate school expects its written products to be published, it seems only fair that *before* the manuscript is written, the university's publisher be called in for consultation. Sensible as this seems to me, it is rarely done, unless some highly imaginative doctor-to-be has the foresight to visit the publisher before he begins writing his thesis.

Taking care of the products of the graduate school, however, is just one function of the university press. There is the broader social obligation of reflecting the changes in society. The regional presses early realized this duty and this accounts in part for their rather spectacular successes. Then, in every faculty there is the opportunity to discover neglected genius. The publisher of the university is perhaps better informed than any other university administrator, on the intellectual capital which constitutes the heart of the university.

Just as colleges and universities are facing a very real crisis today with vanishing manpower and students, so do the presses face a similar challenge. If, as many administrators hope, education is merely going through a period of twilight sleep, the situation may not be too difficult. In many real ways this period of time, terrible but also full of promise, may well become the most fruitful in American scholarship. The search for truth is never ceasing and those American scholars not mobilized on the actual field of combat might well work as they have never worked before. The challenge is one that should test the mettle of the university presses but it is one for which they are prepared.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

DOUBLE ADJECTIVES

This week's quiz, though it may seem pretty tough at first glance, should be fairly easy for readers of poetry. Who or what is described by each of the pairs of adjectives listed below? Allowing 2 points for each correct answer, and another 2 if you can name the poem involved, a score of 50 is par, 60 is very good, and 70 or better is excellent. Answers on page 34.

1. boundless and bare
2. calm and free
3. childlike and bland
4. deep and dark blue
5. fixed and glassy
6. hot and copper
7. large and sinewy
8. loud and bold
9. more lovely and more temperate
10. pale and still
11. pale and wan
12. plucky and adventury
13. rare and radiant
14. sad and dreary
15. short and simple
16. stern and rockbound
17. stolid and stunned
18. sturdy and stanch
19. sweet and low
20. thick and quick
21. torcheyed and terrible
22. unhonored and unsung
23. weary and worn
24. wide and starry
25. withering and sere

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Marketing the Books

Amateur vs. Professional in the University Press

DAVID T. POTTINGER

SOME years ago one of our conventionally handsome youths consulted me about his ambition to become a publisher. He "loved" books; he had heard of Alfred Knopf and Mr. Macmillan, though he was not sure of the names of Charles Scribner's sons; and, strongest recommendation of all, he himself wrote "a little po'try." He thought that if he became a publisher he would be able to sit before a cannel-coal fire in a quiet room with eighteenth-century prints on the walls and talk to interesting authors who would inspire him with poetical ideas he could jot down from time to time.

This conversation, which could be duplicated by every publisher in the land, illustrates a fundamental misconception about the publishing business and university presses that is not confined to undergraduates. Memories of inquiries from other universities bring up a long line of confused professors, well-meaning graduates, and various other representatives who have naively thought that establishing a university press was about as simple as offering a new course in English or adding a few cases of specimens to the botanical museum. They did not realize that the older and larger presses embody years of back-breaking labor and that, among the newer ones, North Carolina is a freak of genius. If Yale can sell 35,000 copies of "Sweden: the Middle Way"—so the belief seems to run—then anybody after a few hours' pleasant conversation with the charming Mr. Donaldson can go back home and sell at least one thousand copies of Professor Humtum's thoroughly documented study of some aspects of the early work of Henrik Ibsen.

—From "Harvard and Cambridge, A Sketch-Book."

Such an attitude has hampered the effectiveness of American university presses far more than is generally realized. Some university authorities still doubt the need for a press and treat it as an unwanted waif. In other places the press has to make constant efforts to "sell" itself to the rest of the academic circle. Nearly everywhere most professors are sure they could do a far better job on part time than any of the officials now in charge. It seems as though it would still be years before the university press could throw off the stigma of amateurishness and be treated as a professional element of the total university set-up.

AS a matter of fact, if there is any spot in the university where an amateur has no right to be, it is the press. The management of the real estate might as well be left in the hands of the first instructor who owns a house, or the treasurer's office to be put in charge of someone who owns ten shares of Tel. & Tel. The successful university publisher—and there are many of them, though generally they are too modest to claim success—is in his field just as expert as the professor of mechanical engineering; he is a professional and he ought to be regarded in that light. He must be more of a scholar than the commercial publisher and at least as shrewd a business man; and perhaps he should be a bit of an artist as well. On the one hand he has the responsibility of seeing that the scholarship of his university is spread as widely as possible and takes its proper place in the development of learning. This is no small order and, rightly carried out, multiples the influence of the whole university. On the other hand he must manage a notoriously risky business in such a way that the deficit, if any, is negligible. He should be sufficiently familar with the details of the editorial, manufacturing, promotional, and accounting processes to keep them integrated and functioning with a minimum of confusion. All this requires the undivided attention of a man with professional background.

Failure to appreciate this point seems

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to me only part of much general uncertainty regarding the nature of a university press and its place in the community. Perhaps only Johns Hopkins, Chicago, and California have had the good fortune to be able to incorporate a press completely into their framework from the beginning on at least a theoretical plane of equality with other departments. Elsewhere it has been all too often a haphazard growth that does not even recognize the modern distinction between printing (a manufacturing process) and publishing (essentially a marketing process). So, all unmindful of the experience of Oxford and Cambridge, which solved the problem years ago, the executives of some presses have been obliged to straddle two irreconcilable jobs which are difficult enough to require the best intelligence of two differently constituted kinds of manager.

Mr. Updike himself, in his last book, "Some Aspects of Printing," added to the muddled thinking on this question. He wrote as a printer and therefore emphasized the need for mechanical equipment, especially fonts of exotic types. One can readily admit that there would be considerable usefulness for at least one university printing house in this country capable of doing all the intricate type-setting we have hitherto been forced to buy in Europe. But comparatively little work, except possibly mathematics, is done nowadays that needs more than the facilities of a first-class commercial shop.

THE American university press problem is one of distribution; well-run editorial and production departments can handle the mechanical details skillfully enough for most purposes. In saying this I do not mean to beg the whole question. Distribution is central to all publishing because the latter is in the last analysis a process of marketing. But the difficulties of the university problem can be seen when one reflects that the commercial publisher has practically ceased to bring out books for which he cannot predict a sale of at least 2500 copies. The university press is accordingly left with the task of distributing on a sharply limited budget a commodity for which there is a demonstrably small demand. Just because the task is, on the face of it, so nearly impossible, the true professional character of university publishing becomes evident. On many details the head of a press has the invaluable help of his Board of Publications, which in most universities forms the necessary link with the university administration. For adequate distribution, however, he himself is finally and solely responsible. Here he must bring into play his own wide sympathy with all fields of scholarship,

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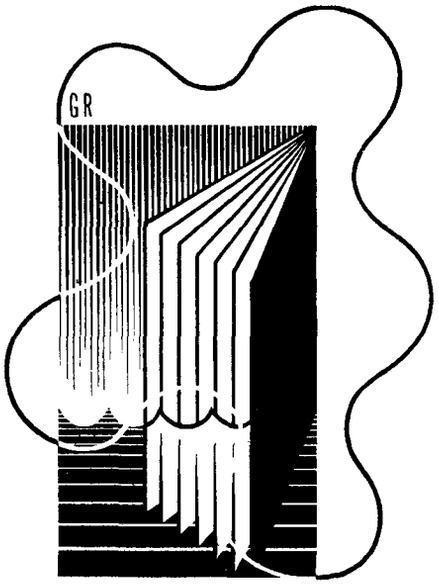
his own knowledge of how to approach his elusive market, his own grasp of all the interrelations of his delicately balanced organization. His decisions must often be swift and instinctive; and his instinct is nothing more than the playing of a hunch unless it is the flowering of genuine understanding and of professional application to his work.

Obviously this is a discipline—and I use the term in its ordinary academic sense—which is nearly the opposite of the discipline that leads to success in research and teaching. The scientist, for instance, considers his work done when he completes his investigation, writes up the results in a monograph, and sends copies to his circle of fellow specialists. Every university and learned society has hundreds of such publications lying in useless storage because no trained expert has been allowed to apply himself to the complementary job of putting this knowledge into the hands of everyone who could benefit from it. Rarely does one find among the professors a George Lyman Kittredge, who was as good a publisher as he was a philologist.

The justification of a university press is that it can manufacture and distribute more effectively than any other agency the scholarly work of the university. By "scholarly work," however, I do not mean exclusively those ponderous studies of minute details which were so characteristic of the Teutonic phase of our educational history. There is, as everyone knows, a mellow kind of scholarship which almost reaches the level of pure literature or which is so attractively expressed that it appeals to general audiences. University press methods have been known to gain a much larger distribution for such books than had been predicted by the shrewdest guessers of the commercial houses. I do not by any means agree with the late George Foot Moore,



who was for many years a Syndic of the Harvard Press, that a university press should never publish a book that promised to be financially successful. The university publisher will, as a normal part of his duties, keep his eye open for borderline books and thus add to the stability of his organization as a whole.

THESE, however, are matters involving the detailed work of a university press and do not enter into our discussion. I am merely insisting that the public should recognize that the university press movement in America is now far beyond the experimental stage where apologies and promises must do duty for actual achievement. University authorities should no longer regard the press as a plaything for professors or interested graduates. They should foster it as an important element in the institution, to be administered not by an amateur but by a professional, by one who, according to the O. E. D. definition, "raises his trade to the dignity of a learned profession." We must profit by the example of the Oxford and Cambridge presses which have assumed their commanding position only since they were placed in charge of technically competent men. For certainly no one can question the worldwide benefits to scholarship and to humanity that have resulted from the work of Henry Frowde, Sir Humphrey Milford, and S. C. Roberts.

Furthermore, our academic leaders may well ponder the contribution that the Oxford University Press and the Cambridge University Press have made to the present struggle for freedom. Through them the voice of these two venerable centers of learning is still heard in powerful tones even though the lecture halls on the Cam and the Isis are silent. War, which has changed the character of their lists, has only strengthened their position in the realm of thought. It is the kind of national and international service that our American presses has neglected. The failure to meet the opportunity is almost entirely due to the fact that our universities have only half-heartedly supported their presses and have—with a few notable exceptions—been content to consign these vital departments to a limbo on the periphery of the academic community. The challenge will continue throughout the war years and far into the difficult era of reconstruction. Properly administered, by men with a professional rather than an amateur status, the university press can be made a powerful instrument for strengthening and extending the democratic ideals implicit in our whole system of higher education. Will our universities meet the challenge?

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Analyst of the Conditions of Peace

THE WORLD OF THE FOUR FREEDOMS. By Sumner Welles. New York: Columbia University Press. 1943. 121 *pp.* $1.75.

Reviewed by NORMAN ANGELL

THOSE who attempt to solve what Mr. Bendiner has called "The Riddle of the State Department" seem to be of two minds about Mr. Sumner Welles. For a time the investigators and the critics—particularly from the Left—regarded Mr. Welles as a lost soul, having his share of responsibility for Darlanism, Franco appeasement, and all the other crimes standing on the docket against the State Department. But of late they seem to be not so certain. He may, they think, at least desire righteousness, but is overborne by the power of the wicked. A study of his recent speeches, particularly those collected in this book, reveals a great deal which, on any fair judgment, should compel classification rather among the righteous sheep than among the ungodly goats.

Sumner Welles was once described to this reviewer as a well-stuffed shirt, but no mere stuffed shirt, however competent the stuffing, could have produced some of these speeches. For here is a career diplomat who, invited to a banquet of men from the very top layer of big business, can tell them pretty plainly that the policy for which they have been responsible in the past has been mischievous, ruinous, immoral. Their order has, he said (addressing the National Foreign Trade Convention in New York), "more often than not undertaken economic discriminations and raised up trade barriers with complete disregard for the damaging effect on the trade and livelihood of other peoples, and, ironically enough, with similar disregard for the harmful resultant effects upon their own export trade. They have considered foreign trade a cut-throat game in which each participant could only profit by taking undue advantage of his neighbor." Of course, not being a fool, Sumner Welles did not at the outset say to the business men in his presence, "You alone have done these things." (Incidentally, it would not have been true.) He said that "the nations" have done those things, and then, having made the indictment, added,

> Our own policy in the past has constituted no exception. . . . Our high tariff policy reached out to virtually every corner of the earth and brought poverty and despair to innumerable communities. . . . Many foreign countries which had not recovered from the shock of our tariff increases in 1921 and 1922, and were tottering on the brink of economic and financial collapse, were literally pushed into the abyss by our tariff action of 1930. Throughout the world this withering blast of trade destruction brought disaster and despair to countless people.

Stuffed shirts addressing men responsible or partly responsible for the things so described do not talk like that.

Sumner Welles's discussion of the political has been no less forthright than his discussion of the economic policy of the country. Speaking of Woodrow Wilson's work, he said that that statesman was "laid to rest amid the apathy of the many and amid the sneers of those of his opponents who had, through appeal to ignorance, to passion, and to prejudice, temporarily persuaded the people of our country to reject Wilson's plea that the influence, the resources and the power of the United States be exercised for their own security and their own advantage through our participating in an association of the free and self-governing peoples of the world." The country still stands in danger, he insists, from two extreme schools of thought which will become more and more vocal—those who will once more proclaim that war in the rest of the world every twenty years or so is inevitable and that we can stay out if we so desire, and the others who will maintain that the United States "must assume the burdens of the entire globe, must see to it that the standards in which we ourselves believe must immediately be adopted by all the peoples of the earth and must undertake to inculcate our own policies of social and political reform whether the other peoples involved so desire or not."

Welles then puts the conditions of peace in the right order. He goes on to say that peace will demand that the great powers must recognize "that the threat of war anywhere throughout the globe threatens their own security" and they must be jointly willing to exercise the police power necessary to prevent such threats from materializing into armed hostility. He then goes on to add that "since policemen might be tyrants if they had no political superiors," the common action to prevent violence must be accompanied by "some form of organized international political coöperation to make the rules of international living and change them as the years go by." He rightly puts the prevention of war first and indicates that "organized international political coöperation follows and that the latter should not, need not, demand that the standards in which we our-

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selves believe must be accepted by all the peoples of the earth."

This straight speaking seems to imply that, in the opinion of Mr. Sumner Welles, the question of American cooperation in some international security system has passed completely out of the phase of any fierce party controversy. It is a forecast that the American Government of today is quite ready to do what the Government of Woodrow Wilson could not do, and that American public opinion is ready to forget that any such proposal would, in the recent past, have excited the fiercest and the bitterest political conflicts. Probably most Americans today would say that this was a sound assumption on the part of the Assistant-Secretary of State; that truly with the great mass of the people isolationism is a thing of the past and that the United States is fully ready to take its part in international coöperation for peace and to assume the burdens that that coöperation involves. So far so good. But beside that fact one has to put another, and much less happy, fact, namely, that during the last war also, the American people almost unanimously were prepared to do that very thing—the Tafts and the Lodges, quite as heartily as the Wilsons and the Coxes.

One can go even further back. In a foreword to this book Nicholas Murray Butler reminds us that in June 1910, nearly thirty-three years ago, the Congress of the United States, by the unanimous vote of both houses, called upon the President to invite the nations of the world to organize for the establishment of international peace protected by an international police force made up of the combined navies of the world. When this vote was taken there was not a single dissent—Republican or Democrat—in the Senate or the House of Representatives. When, therefore, a few years later, Woodrow Wilson proposed his plan for an organized society of nations, he was simply acting under what might properly have been called the instructions of the Congress of the United States. And as to isolationism being done with, it was President McKinley, more than forty years ago, who used a famous sentence: "The period of exclusiveness is past." He, too, insisted that the doctrine of national isolationism had become ridiculous.

Will some future Assistant-Secretary of State, publishing his addresses thirty-three years hence on the morrow of a third world war provoked by isolationism, recall these passages of Sumner Welles, describing the folly and shortsightedness of isolationism, just as President Butler now quotes the Congress and the President of thirty-three years ago to exactly similar effect?

What does it mean? It means that nations will often agree to a plan which seems to be idealistic long before they understand what it involves, and that until the people do so understand what is involved, their too ready agreement does not make for the plan's ultimate success, but for repeated frustration and catastrophe.

Essays on the Historical Art

THE INTERPRETATION OF HISTORY. By Jacques Barzun, Hajo Holborn, Herbert Heaton, Dumas Malone, George La Piana. Edited with an Introduction by Joseph R. Strayer. Princeton: Princeton University Press. 1943. 186 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by JOHN CORBIN

IN THIS latest little volume of Princeton Books in the Humanities, the several essayists treat momentous subjects as diverse as "popular history" is from "the science of history," as "the theology of history" is from the "determination" of Karl Marx, and they do so with unfailing brevity, point, and charm. The reviewer must perforce be equally spotty; but he may hope to be almost equally brief—and, thanks to the art of quotation, similarly pointed.

Herbert Heaton's account of Marx-Engels determinism, of its monumental proportions and frowning façade, is accurate and clear-sighted as it is briskly concise; so also is his account of its steady dilapidation, up or down to Stalin. To begin with, as he sums it all up, it was "a healthy antidote to some of the romantic, political, military, or other unilinear or surface interpretations. . . . It gave the historians one more keyhole through which to peep." And they jolly well needed to be told that "an urban industrial society would certainly not write its twenty-third psalm in the images and metaphors of a pastoral people." Yet even so "the question to be asked should not be 'What was the economic cause?' but rather should be 'Was the cause economic?'" History is the confluence of many and varied streams of determination.

Hajo Holborn regards Thucydides as the "creator" of "scientific history" and Ranke as the historian who "brought it to its highest perfection." Ranke's wanting "to show *wie es eigentlich gewesen*" Holborn renders loosely as to words but accurately as to meaning: *to reconstruct the actual past.* Historical reconstruction of

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course requires historical judgment. Upon the widest and firmest recognition of fact, scientific history rears an edifice into the light of human sympathy and understanding. Thus it includes an art, as the purest science has been known to do; and the essence of art is sound imagination.

Jacques Barzun brings the same idea down to our recent past. The kind of popular history which he chiefly deprecates is that "which naively interprets the whole past as a mere preparation for the modern age; systematically strains the evidence for germs of institutions or ideas which we find important, whether our ancestors found them so or not. This kind of history is pure Narcissism." Addressing itself to the contemporary mood, which is surely transitory and often mere evanescent fashion, it encourages us to look into the Narcissus mirror at, let us say, the latest style of feminine hat. (Thus the history of ancient Crete becomes important because Cretan ladies also wore windmills on their cupolas.) And who is our chief Narcissus? "Mr. Lytton Strachey did much to make us feel that we had the Victorians in the hollow of our hands. . . . If all the Victorians look alike in the guise of grotesque humbugs, we have gained little over the former gallery of stiff-bosomed saints."

To George La Piana, "the theology of history" centers in "four great myths": (1) a "divine revelation" regarded as "an external historical fact"; (2) a "golden age and the fall of man" through his own evil disposition, and the promise of "redemption by a divine agent"; (3) a terrestrial "authority" the origin of which is divine, and (4) "the myth of the chosen people—chosen either on the ground of race or by divine election. This was the case with Christianity as distinguished from the life and teaching of Christ, and the result has not been fortunate. That there is an underlying affiliation between Christian theology and that of Nazism—Adolf Hitler's intuition being of course divine—may (or may not) be seen by a second scanning of those four myths; and, according to La Piana, "Church leaders and all the sanctimonious conservatives in politics and economics thought at first they had found in Fascism and Nazism a God-sent ally to curb for them the forces of freedom and social and economic revolutions. . . ."

But La Piana has still faith that the forces of enlightenment, of democracy—and indeed, as one gathers, of Bolshevism—will eventually put down alike the four myths of the Church and of Adolf Hitler. All this from the shades of Princeton and of Andrew McCosh, by gosh.

War of the Ledgers

ECONOMICS IN UNIFORM. By Albert T. Lauterbach. Princeton: Princeton University Press. 1943. 282 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by
COLONEL R. ERNEST DUPUY, G.S.C.

TOTAL war, which gears all economic effort to one basic objective, brings realignment of our social structure. What happens after? "Military economy" is a term employed with increasing frequency to cover both the war economy proper and prior preparedness in the piping times of peace. *Wehrwirtschaft* they call it in Nazi-land. Does it all end in a philosophy of *"Après moi la deluge,"* or, when the fire has been put out, can we rebuild foursquare?

The soldier's answer is to win the war first. Why argue over how we will decorate the front bedroom when the entire house is in flames? Perhaps that is an over-simplification of the problem. Certainly there is a problem for the economist, both to support the soldier in the task at hand, and to salvage from that support afterwards the material with which to restore or revamp national social economy in the future.

Mr. Lauterbach approaches the problem realistically. He has dissected Nazi Germany's philosophy, the concept of *Wehrwirtschaft,* and sums it up in a few words: " . . . a war waged with all the existing human and material resources of a belligerent nation, as distinguished from warfare confined to strictly military forces." It is the principle of the nation at war, as opposed to the out-dated "nation in arms." No dreamy-eyed theorist, he bluntly remarks:

> The task of appraising the relative importance of the army, navy and air force in our period in the light of recent experiences clearly belongs to the military technician. What must interest the social scientist is the tremendous significance of the coördination of these services with each other, and with economic and diplomatic policies, and the fact that neither mass armies on the old model nor limited mechanized bodies of specialists have conducted the decisive military actions. Mechanized mass armies have clearly proved indispensable in coping with totalitarian warfare.

The author ends on the significant note of General Sir Archibald Wavell's New Year's message to his troops in 1941:—"Have you ever thought what a world we could make if we put into peace endeavors the same energy, the same sacrifice and coöperation as we use in the wastefulness of war?"

Even If I Have To Pay To Say It

SHOULD Norman Cousins be shot and *The Saturday Review of Literature* indicted for conspiracy? So far as the Argus Book Shop is concerned, they should be respectively shot and indicted.

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Anatomy of Religion and Freedom

RELIGION, SCIENCE AND SOCIETY IN THE MODERN WORLD. By Alexander D. Lindsay. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1943. 73 *pp.* $1.50.

Reviewed by L. C. DUNN

INTO this little book of seventy-three pages, an eminent British philosopher has packed a great deal of good sense about matters which the British and American peoples regard as of fundamental importance. Two of the great concerns of both groups of peoples have been religion and freedom. The form of social structure which rose from these moral foundations—the Anglo-American type of democracy—is now being influenced to an ever increasing extent by a third force, modern science. It is both fitting and timely, therefore, that Professor Lindsay of Oxford University should choose as the titles of his Terry Foundation Lectures at Yale University: "Religion and Freedom," "Science and Freedom," "Power and Freedom." These are large issues, and they are treated in a large way, with simplicity and sincerity, and in a truly humane spirit.

The purpose of the lectures is to show the historical connections of religion and science and philosophy, and the interdependence among the institutions which derive from them—church and university—in modern society. Such questions are brought to a focus by modern instances of deep import to all of us. How did it happen, for example, that under the impact of the Nazi revolution, the German universities collapsed without a struggle while the churches put up a fight? What was wrong and do we in America and Britain run the same risk? Professor Lindsay believes that science, following Kant's account of it, restricted itself to the principles of physics, rejecting freedom for determinism and mechanism; and he pleads for the cultivation, in science, of what Dilthey called "Erleben," living through, and its corollary, the recreative imagination. Is it possible that the author here identifies science with its mechanical consequences? For surely the best of science, including the science of the German universities, has been creative and rational in the same sense in which good poetry or good historical research are creative. And should not one remember in trying to account for the collapse of the German universities the reckless unconcern of the German scientists (and of scientists generally) for the social and human, as distinct from the mechanical and theoretical, consequences of their work? If they were to apply the methods of history—of *Erleben*—in their work, it would probably produce no better science, but it might make scientists more responsible scholars.

The little book is full of stimulating and arresting ideas. For example, Professor Lindsay believes

> that the beginning of the modern adventure in both science and religion was the revival of the essentially Christian conception of the infinity of God and the consequent realization that God had given man an infinite task in understanding and doing His will and knowing His world. This meant the giving up of all formulations of the will of God which claimed to be final and all intellectual constructions into which new discoveries had to be fitted. It meant a belief in experiment and diversity. It meant finally—and this was alike the glory and the danger of the adventure—that the unity which was to keep men together in this many-sided experiment could not be a unity of accepted formulae but the unity of a common life of fellowship.

As a scientist, it seems to me that this attempt to derive modern science from the Christian conception of the infinity of God has in it more of the ideal than the real. It is true that modern science arose in Western Europe where the Christian point of view was universally held and was accepted by scientists as a fact of life. But science is made (or so it seems to me) not by a general temper but by a succession of acts of particular men. William Harvey, who was trained in Padua and went back to England in 1602 to found modern physiology and medicine; his contemporary Galileo from whom modern physical science directly descends; the great Newton a little later—these were the founders of modern science. They arose out of the Renaissance and their minds were free, and some of this freedom may have come from the abandonment of "formulations of the will of God which claimed to be final"; but much of it came from the intellectual tools and the experimental methods which they and their immediate predecessors had discovered.

It is possible, of course, to conceive of a class so extensive that both religion and science can be included within it, and it is one of the strengths (and weaknesses) of philosophy to make such broad categories. But this should not be allowed to obscure the fact that if Galileo or Newton or any of the founders of modern science had sought answers to scientific questions by the methods of religious thinkers, the answers would have contributed not to science but to religion; that is to say, there would have been no modern science.

A significant theme that recurs throughout the book and gives it character and continuity is that the unity of modern society can come only from "a common life of fellowship." The problems which beset social life—the individual conscience versus the law; the relations of state and society; the relations among communities within society—are feelingly, even poignantly, described. Americans will be interested to note the repeated appeals to the solutions proposed and partly put into practice by Roger Williams. This most radical of Puritans, who revolted against both state and theocracy in Massachusetts Bay, is viewed as having set the pattern of the American way of life—toleration. The lecturer forbore to tell us how far we have departed from the ideal community which was envisaged in the founding of Rhode Island. This, alas, we know too well. But there are sound hints for all, for churchmen, scientists, social workers, and university members—as to the factors tending toward social disintegration and the counter measures, chiefly of a spiritual kind, which can be set in motion.

The Fall

By Dilys Bennett Laing

AT the world's end the world shall look like this:
black trees consumed with fire, and burning bushes;
curled paper leaves, charred brittle, blown abroad;
parched ferns, and failing flame of goldenrod
blazing an instant more before its ashes
float nowhere through a starry rain of ice.

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The Varied Flavor of Hopkins

GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS, PRIEST AND POET. By John Pick. New York: Oxford University Press. 1943. 165 pp. $2.75.

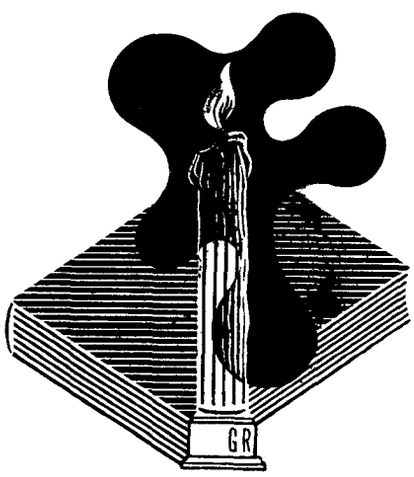
Reviewed by GEORGE N. SHUSTER

FATHER HOPKINS may be the modern Crashaw, but if so he has been more fortunate than his precursor. It was not until one hundred and seventy-five years after the publication of "Steps to the Temple" that Crashaw's prosodic genius found in Shelley's lyrics its artistic justification. Hopkins has been studied by nearly every contemporary poet; and none who read was deterred by the spiritual and theological concerns of the Jesuit from feeling that such lyrics as "The Windhover" and "The Wreck of the Eurydice" are authentic masterpieces. Many questions remain unanswered, however. Was Father Hopkins's "sensuality"—his remarkable ability to realize sound and color expressionistically—irreconcilable with his religious vocation? Was he torn asunder on the wheel of native gifts which led to other goals than the austere ascetical aims he had set for himself? And what do the more difficult poems seek to convey?

Dr. Pick differs in several respects from others who have attempted to answer. He has, to be sure, unearthed relatively little information not available to them also. There are blank pages in the Hopkins biography, and in all probability most of them will remain empty. But, writing as a Catholic critic who has made it his business to understand the spiritual and philosophical practice of the Society of Jesus, Pick is able to show in what ways life in the Society supplied Hopkins with themes and moods. For instance, the poet's enthusiasm for Scotus, mirrored in several beautiful lyrics, was doubtless the result of Jesuit freedom to choose from among the great philosophers of the Church; and his platonist belief that Divinity is immanent in the earthly beauty it transcends may well have been strengthened by the "use of good things in selfless love" commended by Saint Ignatius. Some of these relationships will probably seem less obvious to Dr. Pick's readers than they do to him. But I think nearly all will agree that the "Spiritual Exercises" furnished part of the source material of Hopkins's greatest odes. One's only reason for genuine regret is that the critic's attempt to place his poet in the sequence of literary history was not more circumspect. Hopkins was after all *anima naturaliter christiana* who submitted fully to the discipline of perfection. Why, then, ignore the probable fact that he was the crest of the wave which bore many such spirits, Wordsworth and even Pater, onward and away from the twin marshes of utilitarianism and sentimentality?

By all odds the best and most original part of Dr. Pick's book is concerned with the gloomy Dublin period of the poet's life. He was now tied down to dreary academic tasks in an environment distasteful to him; and one may well suppose that the routine of life in the monastic enclave was boredom unrelieved to one who had wished to be the apostle of Wales. Probably only three or four persons, all of them far distant, appreciated his poetry. Certain it is that the good men he lived among did not. Under such circumstances, Hopkins was driven more and more in upon himself. Had he reached as near the heights of Christian perfection as he could come? The query was tormenting. Saints before him had gone far along dark ways not illuminated for him. In short, his state of mind was akin to agony. Yet it was now that his greatest lyrics were written. They and he himself will remind the sensitive critic of Hoelderlin. Those who argue that the Jesuit poet was unnecessarily tortured by his Jesuitism might well pause to ask what it was that underlay the anguish of the great German. In either case, theme and mystery are those of the quest for perfection, not artistic merely but personal and spiritual also. The unquiet heart wanted Augustinian solace.

Dr. Pick's comment on individual poems is sensitive and helpful. Each of the great Hopkins lyrics is and remains a problem. Readers must wrestle with the meaning and the passion themselves. But this book is an introduction not unworthy of its subject, and a commentary which in clearing away numerous misconceptions does service to every student.



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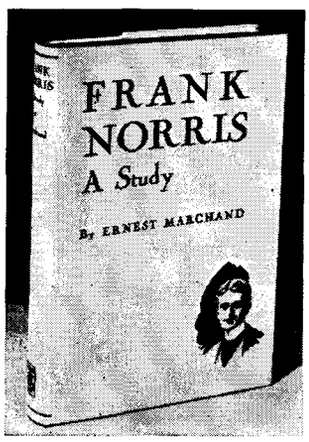

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The Year the Dime Novels Began

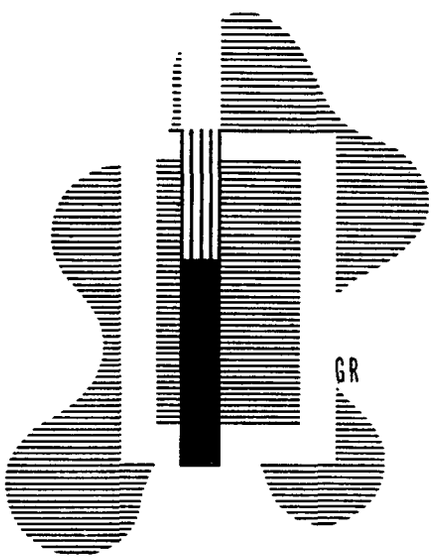
THE STANDARD OF LIVING IN 1860; AMERICAN CONSUMPTION LEVELS ON THE EVE OF THE CIVIL WAR. By Edgar W. Martin. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1942. 451 *pp.* $4.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT S. LYND

ONE of the continuing contributions of the university press is its relatively high proportion of first books by new authors in the solid non-fiction field. Year after year there issues from these modest publishing houses a quiet parade of gritty, nuggety first books that probably represent a higher average of real integrity of purpose and of man-years of sustained hard work than do the publications of the established literary repeaters who constitute the racing stables of the commercial publishers.

This is one of these first books, and we are all in debt to Mr. Martin and to the University of Chicago Press for it. The author has combed everything in print to recover the record—from food and clothing to barbers, horse-cars, and reading—of how Americans lived eighty years ago. Only one who has done this sort of sedulous assembling can, perhaps, appreciate the cumulated labor Mr. Martin's 1,128 footnotes symbolize! The book is choked with facts, and it reflects the young scientist's fear of being caught out with a theory on his person. But what a fascinating array of facts!

Probably few people will read such a book straight through. It is, rather, the kind of book one keeps at one's elbow and quarries from time to time—whether as a useful supplement to the Beards' type of American social history or out of delighted curiosity about the homely minutiae of living that constitute ninety-nine percent of the realities of living in any era.



Mr. Martin's section sub-headed "Note on the 'Vices'" tells us that in 1860, prior to the imposition of the Civil War excise tax, raw whiskey retailed at seven to fifteen cents a quart. During the 1850's a domestic wine manufacturing industry had tried to get a foothold in the United States, but the people weren't having any. No wonder! As to the manner of drinking, "The drinkers rush into a bar; . . . they pour out as much or as little as they choose, add a dash of water, and swallow the mixture as though it were a seidlitz powder. No other mystery is there in the grand ceremony of 'taking the oath' . . . And then bolt away from the bar, to meet perhaps on the threshold a friend, with whom they immediately return and 'take the oath' . . . again." But, according to the same source, it was a time when "nothing is commoner than to hear a person spoken of as 'having no vices,' meaning that he neither drinks, smokes, nor chews. As regards the other sex, ninety-nine women out of a hundred never touch anything stronger than ice-water, tea, and coffee."

The chapter on "What People Ate" is cruel reading in these days of rationing. (See the menus of the Boston Revere House and of the Prairie House in Terre Haute, Ind). While fresh peaches cost up to a dollar each in Denver in 1860, venison cost but seven cents a pound and bear meat thirty cents. One wonders whether the husband, told to "stop at the grocery on the way home and bring a bear steak," realized that to a later age he would be carrying home fabulous romance in that brown-paper parcel under his arm.

Those who have struggled for a hotel room in Washington these days will take grim pleasure in the paragraph on page 157 that begins, "There can be no doubt that Washington, for a city of its size and importance, had the poorest hotel accomodations imaginable."

So one reads on through chapters on "Architecture and Interior Decoration," "Housing and Household Operation," "Clothing and Personal Care," "Medical Care and Public Health," "Transportation and Communication," "Education, Reading, and the Church," "Leisure and Recreation," and so on. You will get the factual lordosis if you try to guzzle it all at one sitting; but, taken more slowly and selectively, this book should, like a Vermont farmer's breakfast with doughnuts, "Keep a-nourishin' and a-nourishin' of you" for a long time.

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The Personality of John Bach McMaster

JOHN BACH McMASTER, AMERICAN HISTORIAN. By Eric F. Goldman. Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press. 1943. 194 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

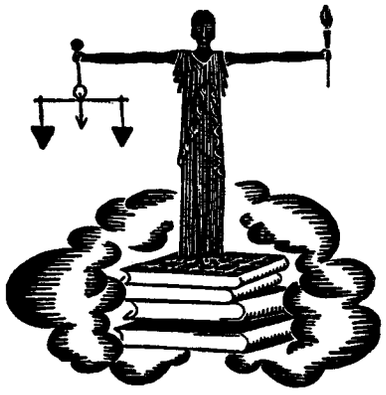
IN this slender but close-packed volume we have an adequate biography of McMaster, and a more than adequate criticism of his historical work. The biography demanded relatively little space. McMaster's life was uneventful; he found his vocation early, and for thirty years labored with unremitting, unhurried energy at his massive eight-volume history, seldom stirring from his study, his lecture room, and his favorite club-corner. Moreover, his personality became chilly, colorless, and uninteresting. There had been a time in his early life when he wrote amusing letters, delighted in jolly dinners, and enjoyed some reputation as a sarcastic wit.

But after he became absorbed in the innumerable facts from which at steady intervals he secreted his six-hundred-page books, he became as drably uncommunicative as a Trappist monk. He seldom answered letters. He seldom entered a social circle. Even at his club he seldom spoke, and then playfully rather than seriously—the playfulness of a shy man covering up his personality. His classroom lectures were delivered in a weak monotone that reached only the front rows, and were so disappointing that students expostulated with him. He was keenly observant, and some brief reminiscences he wrote of New York after the Civil War and of his European experiences in the war-crisis of 1914 are so pungent that we wish they were longer. But for him the History was his life—and so it must be for the world.

Mr. Goldman's dissection of the "History of the People of the United States" is so thorough and unsparing that hasty readers may conclude that it issues in an unfavorable verdict. He shows how close McMaster's inveterate habit of paraphrasing from sources and even secondary works sometimes came to plagiarism. In fact, it frequently was an innocent type of plagiarism. He convicts McMaster of gross carelessness; in two minutely-analyzed sections of the History, forty per cent of the footnotes are found inaccurate in some way. He shows that the historian was capable of sad blunders in statements of fact; and that he gave far too free a rein to his prejudices. Mr. Goldman's refusal to discuss McMaster's ideas points to the fact that the historian really had none. He borrowed from Macaulay's third chapter a conviction that social history was more interesting and important than political history, and should be rescued from neglect. He borrowed from Macaulay and the general spirit of the nineteenth century in America a belief in the indefinite progress of mankind. But beyond these simple conceptions McMaster hardly went, and his History furnishes abundant illustrations of his inability to think rigorously and closely. For example, he constantly exalts democracy, but whenever the people went wrong, as in Shays's Rebellion and the Whiskey Rebellion, it was not democracy that was at fault, but a special group or party—the "mob," the "malcontents," the "dupes." As a social historian he displayed none of the interpretive ability of Lecky or J. R. Green; he was a cataloguer and describer, not an analyst.

But Mr. Goldman's verdict on the History is not really unfavorable, and the chief fault of the book is that it does not make that fact plainer. McMaster did better justice to the South, and far more justice to the West, than his predecessors in writing American history. He brought the plain people into full view. He gave us our first good account of those economic factors which Pitkin had emphasized and later writers had forgotten. He emphasized the struggle between the agrarian and the industrialist, labor and capital. For the American people in the era of Cleveland, McKinley, and Theodore Roosevelt his History was a great means of enlightenment.

"From it they learned that America's past was a good deal more than politicians and warriors, taught it to their classes, put it into their speeches, and wrote it into their editorials." If Mr. Goldman had given more space to expounding the solid, innovating merits of McMaster's work, his very good book would have been a better book.



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Human Ornament

JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS: Planter-Statesman of the Deep South. By George Coleman Osborn. Louisiana State University Press, 1943. $4.

Reviewed by DAVID L. COHN

JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS was a Southern gentleman, a planter, a scholar, and a Senator of the United States from Mississippi. He read widely; talked well; debated superbly; hated hypocrites; drank his toddies, and didn't give a damn who knew it. When prohibition darkened the land, he saw to it—as a grateful, civilized man would—that his friend, Joseph Roche, an accomplished Washington bartender, got a job on the federal payroll. Williams had him appointed a doorkeeper of the Senate!

John Sharp Williams, whatever his vices or virtues, was an ornament of the human race; preëminently a gentleman. When Woodrow Wilson appointed Louis Brandeis to the Supreme Court in 1916, and a terrific outcry arose against him on the ground that he was a dangerous Socialist and a Jew into the bargain, Williams said, "I would vote to confirm him because some narrow-minded people might think he had been rejected on that ground"—his race. And although Williams was a conservative he did not believe Brandeis's economic views "ought to militate against him if he is honest and a good lawyer." Similarly, when some of his constituents, during Wilson's administration, wrote him that Tumulty, the President's secretary, was in reality the Pope's emissary planted in the White House, Williams told them that his opinion of men had not fallen quite so low as that.

He saw that the security of France was the keynote to the peace of Europe and proposed that Britain, the United States, and France join in a treaty guaranteeing her security. His proposal failed, he foresaw an eventual armament race, and as early as 1921 he said that another war in Europe was inevitable within twenty to twenty-five years. He told the Senate and the country that the United States could not lend billions of dollars to Europe, and expect to be repaid while it passed prohibitive tariffs. He spent thirty years in the House and Senate, scouring fools with his sharp tongue; overwhelming the clumsy in debate; enriching public discussions with his wide knowledge and ready anecdote; and through it all, going his frank and independent way. His constituents had elected him, but they hadn't emasculated him.

In "John Sharp Williams," George Coleman Osborn, a native Mississippian, tells the story of this Deep South statesman. It is the biography of the kind of man whose like is passing from the Southern scene; of the well-born Southerner deeply animated by *noblesse oblige;* a man of intellect but, far more important, a man of character. The tale is well told and is worth the telling. It might have been much better had the author painted the Mississippi background against which John Sharp Williams moved.

Among the Contributors to the University Press Supplement

DONALD PORTER GEDDES, guest editor of the supplement, is now an editor of Pocket Books, after fifteen years as sales and advertising manager of the Columbia University Press.

DONALD P. BEAN, formerly director of the University of Chicago Press, is now connected with Colonial Williamsburg, doing special publicity of an educational nature.

FREDERIC DREW BOND is the author of several financial and scientific books and articles.

JOSEPH A. BRANDT, president of the University of Oklahoma, was formerly director of the Princeton University Press and director of the University of Oklahoma Press.

DAVID L. COHN, a frequent contributor to these pages, is the author of the newly published "Love in America."

CLEO DAWSON, who teaches English at the University of Kentucky, is the author of a forthcoming novel on Texas, "She Came to the Valley."

PETER F. DRUCKER is the author of "The End of Economic Man" and "The Future of Industrial Man."

L. C. DUNN is Professor of Zoölogy at Columbia and general editor of the Columbia Biological Series.

HELEN HAINES, author of "Living with Books," and "What's in a Novel," both published by the Columbia University Press, is a member of the faculty of the School of Library Service at Columbia University.

HERMANN KESTEN is a German novelist and playwright whose books, since 1930, have been attacking Nazi ideology. He came to America in 1940. His most recent book is "Children of Guernica."

HANS KOHN is Professor of History at Smith College and editor of the Smith College Studies in History.

ROBERT S. LYND is Professor of Sociology at Columbia. He is co-author, with his wife, of "Middletown" and "Middletown in Transition."

DAVID T. POTTINGER is an associate director of the Harvard University Press, at present on leave. He designed most of the Harvard University Press books while he was there.

"MEN IN MOTION"

(*Continued from page 7*)

be as much more sharply defined and enduring than it was under the League as the present war has been more widespread and destructive. And a new World Federation would be by that much more liable to the double-crossings and repudiations of old.

In effect, Mr. Taylor says to the free Atlantic nations, "Physician, heal thyself." France is the land-based bulwark against both Teuton and Slav, and he has faith that her historic genius will revive, chastened and strengthened. Our first labor in salvage should be to her. England is the last stronghold of freedom in Europe, as she was its first prophet and exemplar. Both are indispensable to us if we are to stand firm between our two oceans against nations which are certainly dictatorships and potentially if not actually communist. So long as the Slav-Mongol "heartland" of Eurasia develops in peace, we should remain the good friend of both Russia and China, promoting world coöperation in every feasible way. But our present task is to correct our own evils in self-government, meanwhile erecting a power of defense above challenge.

Mr. Taylor's fury of statement has led him into certain seeming contradictions which defenders of the projected Four Freedoms have made much of; but they do not seriously affect his case as a whole. Much more damaging is his misconception of our present free institutions, a misconception widely prevalent. It should not be necessary to point out to any American that France is *not* "the spiritual birthplace of the American Republic." Magna Carta, the writings of Harrington and Locke, John Adams's Massachusetts Constitution of 1780 and the national Constitution of 1787, all preceded the French Revolution and largely inspired it. It is only American *democracy* that owes a debt to France, and even its equalitarian doctrine was declared in 1776. Nor is it true that "either we have a society established on orderly liberty and the initiative of the individual or we have the State: they cannot be mixed." The absolute individualism which Mr. Taylor champions was only a part of the thought and intent of the Fathers. Their dominant purpose was to avoid alike the extremes of individualism and of a "consolidated" State. Such distinctions in words, and in the verities that underle them, have little to do with our present malady; but they are crucial in the task of constructing a federal union of the free nations of the Atlantic.

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German Humanist in Britain

HEINE IN ENGLAND. By Stanton L. Wormley. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press. 1943. 310 *pp., and index.* $4.

Reviewed by HERMANN KESTEN

A ZEALOUS philologist has read all that the English have written about Heine. Now he cites books, diaries, letters, newspapers, and magazines, enumerates all the translations made in England and grades them, and reprints British poems with Heine as subject.

Heine is one of those happy figures in whose work the culture of their time appears and who simultaneously formed their own and future periods. He lived in one of Europe's most turbulent ages. He saw Napoleon, the "liberation" of Europe by Prussians and Cossacks, Metternich's catholicizing reaction, and the revolutions of 1830 and 1848. He saw the dull repetition of Bonapartism, the first flowering of capitalism, the birth of Communism, and the industrial revolution. He saw everything, wrote about everything, took sides on everything—and might have presented a brilliant gauge of changing times and alternating critical fashions in nineteenth-century England.

One wonders whether the compiler dreamed about his missed opportunities. In England, as throughout the world, Heine—virtually made to be copied and plagiarized—was more plundered than praised; he, who like all great humorists spared neither stupidity nor the powers that be, was misunderstood by his stupid victims, while his mighty ones hounded him during his lifetime and vilified him after his death. Mankind avenges itself on its satirists by blackening their character. A certain British hero-worshipper, pro-German anti-Semite, and humorous reactionary called Heine "a dirty Jew" and "a filthy, foetid sausage of spoiled victuals." The name of the gentleman who called Heine a sausage was Thomas Carlyle.

Wormley lists a group of English poets who were more or less influenced by Heine, from Robert Browning to George Bernard Shaw. The examination of literary influences is equally fascinating as—almost always—devious. Today even born optimists doubt the straight progress of mankind; in art and literature, there has never been any progress. There, each can deny his teachers by claiming to have learned from their teachers.

Wormley seems to recognize only the poet Heine, dismissing the prose writer; and of the poet's work he prefers the writings of the young man, such as the "Book of Songs." I do not share his view; to me it seems as if Heine were thus halved, or quartered. Can one perhaps accept Shakespeare only as a writer of comedies?

There may be no accounting for taste. But Professor Wormley should be held to account for the naive way in which he quotes and accepts some of his sources. Besides, Wormley the critic—apparently without noticing it—constantly contradicts Wormley the compiler. He quotes passages from Heine's intimate letters and always takes the greatest German joker in dead earnest. He quotes—next to each other and with equal weight—Ludwig Boerne, one of Germany's greatest pamphleteers, and Friedrich Kummer, one of her most unknown dunces. Boerne, then Heine's literary and politician enemy, risen from a small police official in his native Frankfort to a great revolutionary in Parisian exile and living and dying on the party line, judged Heine, the free poet, with all the objectivity shown today by a Communist Party member to Aldanov's novel "The Fifth Seal."

Wormley's second sentence, on page 1, states: "All his writings are merely variations of the same little theme, the 'history of Cupid and Psyche,' presented in every conceivable aspect."

Heine, the wittiest German, the most courageous moralist, the bravest fighter in the great war for the liberation of mankind, the father of modern journalism, who wrote on a thousand and one themes, the mirror and interpreter of his age, the dangerous and proscribed enemy of both Metternich and Hitler, the poet of the ballads of "Belshazzar" and "The Grenadiers," of "The Wanderrats" and "The Silesian Weavers," of Vitzliputzli and Bimini, Firdusi and Jehuda Halevi, of "The Donkey Election" and the "Memory of Kraehwinkel Days"—this humorist, who painted an entire world, and this world chronicler who in one book played variations on a thousand themes—he is to have known only the "little theme" of Psyche, who mourned "after seeing Cupid nude"?

Heine the cosmopolite, who rose against the great social injustice, who made the old, venerable institution of tyranny ridiculous everywhere, who was the freest and truest among the brave sons of freedom and truth—Heine cracked his immortal jokes in advance at these strange devotees who sentimentally sing "Lorelei" and call the bard of the Lorelei a wicked character.

To his beloved Mouche, however, Heine in his last letter wrote this last line: "But you do not understand me. . . ."

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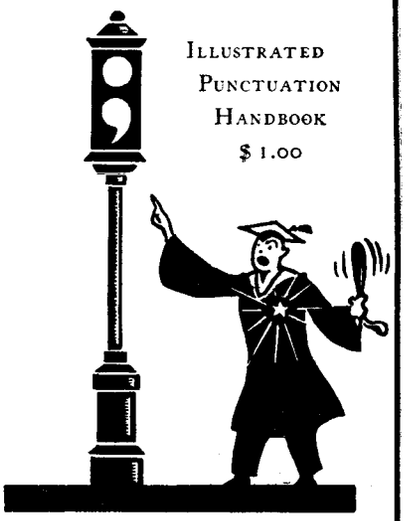

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From the Introduction by ROBERT M. GAY

IT IS as amusing as it is authoritative. I don't know of a more helpful little manual, and I've never seen one half so delightfully compiled. The "explanatory" drawings are fine examples of humor usefully employed.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER

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Diary of a Nation's Collapse

A FRENCH OFFICER'S DIARY. By D. Barlone. New York: The Macmillan Company. Cambridge: The University Press. 1943. 156 *pp.* $2.

Reviewed by HENRY B. KRANZ

THE fall of France! This problem has been discussed by many authors, by foreign correspondents, by Frenchmen from various political camps, by historians, and by pamphleteers. The most interesting book written so far about the last days of the old Republic is Hans Habe's "A Thousand Shall Fall."

Now comes another book written by a man who fought against the Germans. D. Barlone, formerly captain of the Second North African Division, now a Major in the Free French forces, has kept a diary which begins on the day when he reported for duty to his regiment in August, 1939. This diary is the honest, sincere document of a man who loved his country and realized that he and his country had been wantonly betrayed.

When Mr. Barlone received his calling-up notice he desired nothing. "We have more than enough colonies. We know that our land is safe from invasion, thanks to the Maginot Line. No one has the least desire to fight for Czechoslovakia or for Poland. We have no belief that Hitler will hurl himself on us after having swallowed up the little nations, one by one."

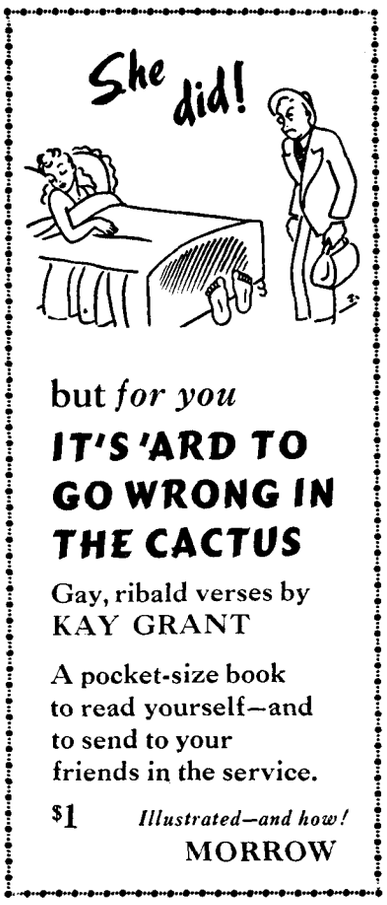
No wonder that France collapsed, when the invasion same. From the point of view of morale Hitler had won the war against France before it even started.

The author served first in the Maginot Line, then in the north, whence he escaped from Dunkirk to England, reembarked for Cherbourg, loitered in the south of France waiting for demobilization and finally went to England to join the forces of General de Gaulle. He could not accept the military and spiritual defeat of France.

But for the beginning he noticed many defections: "This Officers' meeting is pointless." . . . "The mess is rotten." . . . "The whole division looks like a tribe of gypsies." . . . "There seems to be in existence behind the lines a Boche organization for spreading defeating propaganda amongst our soldiers." . . . "Everywhere people criticize the weakness of Daladier." . . . "The men are fed up" (April 30, 1940). . . . "Our pill-boxes are unoccupied. This beats me." . . .

When the fighting began, he found that the heart of France was clean, honest, brave. The men's resistance was heroic. Men let themselves be crushed by the tanks rather than give way." But it was too late. There was a fifth column. A regiment could not remain two hours in a tiny spot without being invariably bombed with enormous bombs. Every night blue, green, and red lights appeared everywhere. And there were no French or British planes in the skies. The machine guns were old and worn out. "The confusion is unbelievable." . . . Our High Command had learned nothing, understood nothing, and had no information about the capacity and the tactics of the enemy."

France surrendered. The author and his friends soon realized that Petain and Weygand were two men who "served as a screen for the clique of politicians who have seized power." Was there any hope left? "De Gaulle . . . has taken a dignified and proper attitude." . . . "I shall always believe that Daladier, Mandel and Reynard were honest men and worked as well as a rotten system would let them."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MORROW

The Dobie Phenomenon

GUIDE TO LIFE AND LITERATURE OF THE SOUTHWEST. By J. Frank Dobie. Dallas: University Press. Southern Methodist Univ. 1943. 111 *pp.* $1.

Reviewed by CLEO DAWSON

J. FRANK DOBIE could not be dull. Even in bibliography he comes through to the reader pure "Apache Gold and Yaqui Silver."

The book is not copyrighted. "Anybody is welcome to help himself to any of it in any way," he says. It is a guide to books that for years he has presented to his classes in "Life and Literature of the Southwest" at the University of Texas. But it is not a bibliography, even though it performs that function with thoroughness and precision. It is a treatise on life and letters that nobody can afford to miss. It comes "strong on the character and ways of life of the early settlers, on the growth of the soil, and on everything pertaining to the range." Mr. Dobie has designed the bibliography to make people realize the values of their own cultural inheritance and to stimulate them to observation. He writes and teaches about his country because he loves it, because it talks to him and warms his emotions. It is that vital spark that makes this list of books a parade of living creatures.

He marks them as "the stuff of which history is made," good lively reading that makes the past relive. They fall under types and subjects with sage comments on science, art, and philosophy tucked in. Nothing is left out: Indian culture from Apache and Comanche to Mexican-Spanish strains; backwoods life and humor; how the early settlers lived; fighting Texans and Texas Rangers; women pioneers, circuit riders and missionaries, lawyers, politicians, and J.P's. The surge of life in the West is brought in by transportation over the Santa Fe trail by stage coaches, pony express, and train.

Mr. Dobie uses the robust work of the best artists of the Southwest to illustrate his book and ends with a long list of provocative subjects for theme writing.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 479)

DRYDEN:
PREFACE TO THE FABLES

If the first aim of a writer is to be understood, then, as his language grows obsolete his thoughts must grow obscure. Customs are changed and even statutes silently repealed when the reason ceases for which they were enacted.

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Plans for World Peace

PLANS FOR WORLD PEACE THROUGH SIX CENTURIES. By Sylvester John Hemleben. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1943. 222 *pp., and index.* $2.50.

Reviewed by HANS KOHN

PROFESSOR HEMLEBEN has fulfilled a useful task by presenting in a short and concise book a survey of the different peace plans, which, from the beginning of the fourteenth century on, were proposed by writers and statesmen for the formation of a world organization to guarantee world peace. It is a long road which leads from Pierre Dubois, the French lawyer, in 1300, to the Union of Democratic Control in Great Britain more than six hundred years later. The presentation of all the different personalities, movements, and ideas excels by clarity, by a readable style, and by a welcome bibliography, yet the small compass of the book leads to a certain sketchiness, which does not result in helpful conclusions for the present. Though the idea of a world organization for maintenance of peace is old, it is doubtful whether the objective conditions for its realization existed before the present time. Only now such a plan begins to emerge, through the acceleration of technical inventions and through the progress in methods of administration, as feasible.

The prevention of war on an international scale can be achieved in the same way, as the prevention of private wars has been achieved in the national field. Norman Angell has pointed with great lucidity the way to the goal. While today the factual conditions for the prevention of war exist, the psychological conditions are lacking due to the confusion about the fundamental issues involved. As domestic peace does not depend upon the attainment of social justice or economic equality (and would never have been achieved if men had waited for the end of the unending struggle for justice and equality), or upon human perfection, but upon the ready and equitable enforcement of law, so does international peace not depend upon the solution of economic or moral problems, but upon the ready and equitable enforcement of international law. Economic issues are of great importance and urgency, but their solution, demanding very many years, much experimentation, and compromise of complex and conflicting interests, is not fundamentally connected with the firm establishment of international law. The shock of the Second World War begins to clear away some of the fog enveloping the issues of war and peace as a result of misinterpretation of the First World War and of the peace of Versailles. It is not certain whether wars can be entirely eliminated. Even the establishment of world federation would not necessarily bring that about. The United States went through a bitter war, in fact its greatest war, in spite of and within its federal structure. But the firm establishment of international law by collective action against any form of aggression or preparation for aggression could make wars as rare and insignificant as disturbance of internal peace has become in states in which liberty has been established under law.

Professor Hemleben is right when he says that "the relations of nations must be ruled by a law enjoining justice" and, if need be, enforced. International law, like national law, must be based ultimately on ethical concepts, concepts which the great thinkers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, following in that the tradition of antiquity and of the later Middle Ages, called natural law. Yet as it seems misleading to tie up the question of peace with economic goals, in spite of their desirability, so it seems another deviation from the fundamental issue to connect the question of peace with that of faith in God (or to accuse the whole modern development of civilization since Renaissance and Reformation). Professor Hemleben ends his book by stating: "If permanent peace is to be attained, men must turn to God for guidance and strength." This in itself may be highly desirable, but historical experience has shown that wars were started and fought by men whose whole life was service to God as the sole source of guidance and strength; nor it is certain whether atheists could not abide by international law as well as they can by national law. The problem of peace can only be solved by concentration upon the real issue involved, without confusing and bewildering it with other great and controversial problems.

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Librariana

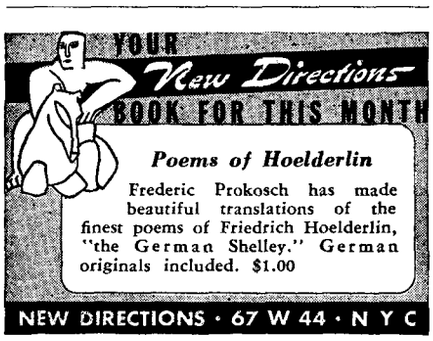
THE REFERENCE FUNCTION OF THE LIBRARY: Papers presented before the Library Institute at the University of Chicago, June 29 to July 10,1942. Edited by Pierce Butler. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. 1943. 366 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HELEN E. HAINES

THIS is the seventh contribution to the literature of present-day librarianship that has been born of the two-week institute for librarians in service, conducted annually since 1936 by the Graduate Library School of the University of Chicago. Each institute—after the preliminary purview of "Library Trends"—has centered on a single field in professional library practice or organization; and the addresses there made are brought together in a compact, carefully edited volume that concentrates divergencies of expert opinion and varieties of decisive experience into a valuable and extremely interesting collective exposition. The present volume is concerned with probably the most fundamental and far-reaching of the library's many services to an ever-enlarging public. "Reference work," librarians call it; here it receives several more painstaking definitions, among which Dr. Butler indicates the rapidly advancing academic incrustation of simple library organisms.

The seventeen papers included cover familiar aspects of reference work as it is carried on in libraries of different kinds, and present many emerging developments in specialization and expansion. All but two represent professional library authority and experience. They are practical and thought-provoking; in range and variety they show the always closer interweaving of books into life-activities, and the part played by the library as a "community intelligence center." Charles McCombs's analytical survey of the reference service of the New York Public Library, the all-round view, by Paul Howard, of conditions and opportunities for "intelligence service" in smaller public libraries, and the specific consideration of such specialized fields as music and art, maps, rare books, science, and technology, should have interest for a good many readers other than librarians. Strong new currents are breaking into the broad main stream of library reference service—the strongest, the enormous war demand for technological material, which is bringing to every library an unprecedented inflow of industrial and technical workers and revolutionizing the character of reference work.

But this is, of course, a strictly professional symposium, for librarians, library students, and specialists in some field of library reference work. It analyzes organization and administration, illustrates procedures, and offers exploratory and critical study of present methods in library-school reference training. For its own audience it possesses immediate and permanent cogency and usefulness. In the interest of exactitude in reference work, however, it may be noted that Lloyd Brown's two citations of a nonexistent *Journal of the American Library Association* should be corrected to refer to the *Library Journal*.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ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. The sands around the statue of Ozymandias, from "Ozymandias," by Shelley. 2. "It Is A Beauteous Evening Calm and Free," by Wordsworth. 3. The face of the heathen Chinee, in "Plain Language from Truthful James," by Bret Harte. 4. The ocean, in "Childe Harold," by Byron. 5. The skipper's eyes, in "The Wreck of the Hesperus," by Longfellow. 6. The sky, in "The Ancient Mariner," by Coleridge. 7. The hands of "The Village Blacksmith," by Longfellow. 8. Chapman, in "On First Looking Into Chapman's Homer," by Keats. 9. The dark lady of the sonnets, in "Shall I Compare Thee to a Summer's Day?" by Shakespeare. 10. Lincoln's lips, in "O Captain! My Captain!" by Whitman. 11. "Why So Pale and Wan, Fond Lover?" by Suckling. 12. Major-General Stanley, in "The Pirates of Penzance," by W. G. Gilbert. 13. Lenore, "The Raven," by Poe. 14. All the world, in "Old Folks at Home," by Foster. 15. The annals of the poor, in "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard," by Gray. 16. The coast, in "The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers," by Felicia Hemans. 17. "The Man With the Hoe," by Markham. 18. The little toy dog, in "Little Boy Blue," by Field. 19. Wind of the western sea, in "Sweet and Low," by Tennyson. 20. The hearts of the prisoners, in "The Ballad of Reading Gaol," by Wilde. 21. Mumbo-Jumbo, in "The Congo," by Lindsay. 22. The man without a country, in "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," by Scott. 23. Fingers, in "The Song of the Shirt," by Hood. 24. The sky, in "Requiem," by Stevenson. 25. The leaves, in "Ulalume," by Poe.

Moorelativity

THE PHILOSOPHY OF G. E. MOORE. Edited by Paul Arthur Schilpp. Chicago: Northwestern University. 1942. 717 *pp., with Index.* $4.

Reviewed by ROBERT BIERSTEDT

I HAVE good, though not conclusive, reasons for thinking that this book, Volume IV in the "Library of Living Philosophers," is about the ethical and epistemological doctrines of G. E. Moore, professor emeritus of philosophy at Cambridge University, and founder of the movement known as New Realism which helped to stem the tide of Neo-Hegelianism in England. I have good, though not conclusive, reasons for believing that the contributors to the volume are C. D. Broad, Charles L. Stevenson, William K. Frankena, H. J. Paton, Abraham Edel, A. Campbell Garnett, O. K. Bouwsma, C. J. Ducasse, Paul Marhenke, C. A. Mace, Arthur E. Murphy, C. H. Langford, Norman Malcolm, Morris Lazerowitz, Alice Ambrose, John Wisdom, Richard McKean, V. J. McGill, L. Susan Stebbing, and Professor Moore himself, all of whom are English or American philosophers.

Whether the sense of the word "good" used in the expression above, "a good reason," is the same as that in which I use the word in saying that this is a "good" book and whether the quality of "goodness" referred to in these two instances of ordinary English usage is a simple, non-natural intrinsic characteristic, are questions which I am afraid I do not know how to answer, except to say that it is perfectly certain that Professor G. E. Moore hold to an affirmative view on both of them. What on earth would the opposite of these statements mean?

I have good, though not conclusive, reasons for supposing that I have read this book, although reading entails or implies seeing, and in what sense I have "seen" it is not, unfortunately, as clear as it might be. If seeing means directly apprehended by the visual sense, then I am afraid that I have not seen the book as such, but only the surface of its binding (which looks blue to me today but may *not* be blue tomorrow when I am not looking at it) and the surfaces of its successive pages. I do not know, of course, that its pages *are* successive, but on the other hand have no good reason for supposing that they are not, since they are numbered consecutively in units of the ordinal number system as that system is ordinarily used. (It is significant, I think, though perhaps not relevant to anything and in that sense a non-relational character, that the

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word "ordinal" *sounds* like the word "ordinary," at least in part.)

Now if, on the other hand, "seeing the book" means that I have merely seen sense-data emanating from a physical object, then I am afraid I have good, though not conclusive, reasons for believing that I have seen the book and also good, though not conclusive, reasons for doubting that I have seen anything of the kind. For visual sense-data, in any clear sense of that word, do not emanate from books in the same way in which smells emanate from rats. In the former case there is a sense in which it is true to say that I do directly see a book, but in the latter case it is also clear, I think, that I smell only the *smell* of a rat and not the rat himself.

It would be a pleasure for me to say that many of the essays in this book, all of which are concerned with the problems mentioned in these paragraphs, are distinguished by dialectical power and logical rigor. It would be an additional pleasure to record that Professor Moore's autobiography is both charming and modest, and that his "Reply to My Critics" is a masterpiece of analytical virtuosity. I have good, though not conclusive, reasons for supposing that all of these statements are true. Unfortunately, however, upon philosophical analysis I find that I am quite unable to say what the words "pleasure," "charming," and "modest" mean when used in just this sense, and in particular I do not know whether they are indefinable in non-ethical terms or whether they are not indefinable in non-ethical terms. I am quite certain, however, that this book in its entirety will be a treat and a delight to those who are interested in a professional way in pure epistemology and abstract ethical theory. I have no good reason for not believing, furthermore, that this book, like its predecessors in the series, is an exceptionally new contribution to contemporary philosophy.

I am almost certainly convinced, on the other hand, that those who do not possess these interests will run away from the book whether they "see" it or not and that such unfortunate people will continue to regard philosophy, at least in some of its aspects, as "the systematic misuse of a terminology specifically invented for that purpose."

Professor Johnson Looks Back

THE OTHER SIDE OF MAIN STREET. By Henry Johnson. New York: Columbia University Press. 1943. 256 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by PHIL STONG

THE other side of Sauk Centre, Minnesota, which furnished American letters with that distinguished citizen, Sinclair Lewis, really supplies only one long essay to the pleasantly discursive text of this autobiography. Mr. Johnson, Professor Emeritus of History at Teachers College, Columbia University, was acquainted with the novelist's father, met the writer briefly, and knew the presumptive site of Main Street well. Lewis was three years old when Professor Johnson last saw him and at that time, one supposes, little could have been told about his literary predilections except what one might have guessed from red hair.

Professor Johnson says quite properly that there were a great many gentle and urbane people in Sauk Centre and he puts them on record, though the more diverting sketches are about the rascally druggist, the drunken doctor, the Seventh Day Adventists who were totally preoccupied with the exact number of people who would be saved on the imminent doomsday—they agreed with St. John on 144,000 which was happily about the number of Adventists in the world—and other persons slightly on the eccentric side.

The historian also has his own interesting saga; he was imported to pioneer Minnesota from Sweden when he was three years old and spent all of his younger years in farm communities of settlers. It was natural in such places to acquire a variety of skills and learnings so that it seems almost accidental that after pharmacy, dry goods, farming, journalism, teaching of the general practitioner sort, and so on, the young Svenka settled down to distinguished historical research and teaching.

Philosophically, the most interesting of the author's diverse topics is the last one, history teaching, in which Professor Johnson remarks that the "functional approach" of peoples to the making of history has made the literature of the subject less than pleasing —"Breed all the people possible for our side and kill all the others," is about what history has come to up to date, in spite of the constant spiritual adventures of the human race.

Professor Johnson says that if all the people of the world agreed on a single history, fair to everyone, it would save loads of trouble. That is probably true, but it is a large order.

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MOSCOW DATELINE

(*Continued from page* 4)

thor's interpretation of the relationship between the two world figures. At the usual state dinner in the Kremlin consisting of forty-three dishes, Churchill appeared in his famous overall air-raid zipper suit open at the neck and with no tie. The suit "was no success," Cassidy found; too informal. Churchill was in low spirits.

Stalin wanted a second front, Churchill had apparently come to tell him there would be no second front in 1942—and even 1943 was an uncertainty. That is why they did not get along well. Later Moscow heard that Churchill was referring to Stalin as "the monster." These rumors were so persistent, Cassidy states, that Churchill, after he left Russia, had to wire a denial to the British embassy in Moscow.

By contrast, Willkie took the place by storm. And having interviewed Stalin, he uttered his famous second front "prod." This and Willkie's zest for first-hand investigations opened his way to Russia's heart. The Soviet campaign for a second front continued, and reached its peak in Stalin's letter to Cassidy which was a tremendous scoop for the young American. He tells the story of the letter with modesty, honesty, and charm. In fact, the book is modest throughout and written in a simple, direct, fluent style.

With this excellent equipment, I hope Cassidy will return to Russia and write a sequel to "Moscow Dateline" which will tell us what the people of Soviet Russia are thinking and saying and how they are living.

Cassidy's final chapter, "A Toast to the Future," might well serve as a model to our rash, irresponsible predictors. He is cautious and unsensational. He calls Stalin "the autocrat of Russia" who will remain that "as long as he lives." He notes a "softening" in the Communist attitude towards religion, but believes that the official atheistic doctrine will continue to dominate Russian life. Russia, he shows, is nationalistic and socialistic. Cassidy prophecies the emergence of a "more benevolent regime." The purge of army generals has ended, he asserts.

Cassidy hopes that the mutual mistrust between Russia and the outside world will be dissipated by more knowledge and a greater desire for understanding. He raises his last glass to "Soviet-American friendship." The establishment of that friendship, I think, will depend on the kind of peace that Russia and we will wish to make when the time comes.

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Democracy: Theory and Practice

BALLOTS AND THE DEMOCRATIC CLASS STRUGGLE. By Dewey Anderson and Percy E. Davidson. Stanford, Calif.: Stanford University Press. 1943. 377 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by PETER F. DRUCKER

ACCORDING to the theory of democracy as it has been preached since Rousseau, popular government can only exist if each citizen votes as a responsible, well-informed individual. Hence, political parties appeared to the fathers of democratic government not only as dangerous to national unity but as incompatible with the basic tenets of the democratic creed. And they were equally convinced that any political alignment on economic lines would speedily destroy popular government.

These dogmas, about what democracy should and should not be, have made it only too easy to attack popular government. The undeniable fact that economic interests are among the determining factors of political life has been regarded by one of the most influential schools in American political and historical thinking as a proof that popular government is really a sham, that freedom is a pretense for sordid material interests, and that political life determines nothing but "who gets what." And it is one of Hitler's main arguments that the party system makes a joke out of democracy, that the voters are nothing but "voting-cattle" *(Stimmvieh)*, sold and bought in the market by a small group of corrupt politicians.

As a result of their study of voting behavior in a California county over the last ten years, Messrs. Anderson and Davidson give a concrete answer to the crucial question: is the voter a rational being who can be entrusted with his own government? Superficially, the facts they have found seem very disappointing indeed. The great majority of the voters—seventy per cent to be exact—cast their ballots not according to their considered opinion on the merits of individual candidates or of individual issues, but according to tradition and party allegiance; the great majority are apparently "voting-cattle" who can be delivered by the boss. And economic interests are undeniably among the major factors in determining politics.

But "Ballots and the Democratic Class Structure" shows that it is not the practice, but the text-book theory of democracy which is wrong. It shows that the traditional nature of party allegiance in the United States makes it possible for each of the major parties to be a fairly representative cross-section of the population so that in each party there is a balance of forces, a balance of interests, a balance of opinions; the party is thus forced to bring together, to fuse, and to compromise conflicts in order to be able to have a program acceptable to every major interest, every major trend within the population. Instead of being a "faction"—an instrument of permanent disunity—the party has become the instrument through which unity is wrought from actual dissension. And while there is a noticeable economic difference between the two major parties, it is not primarily one of income levels or of economic classes in the European sense. The major economic factors seem to be occupation and profession rather than income; and of "class-consciousness" there is hardly more than a trace. Thus, one party reflects the interests, wishes, and desires of one occupational group more strongly than those of another; but this occupational group itself contains a great variety of income levels. Again, the economic alignment serves primarily to bridge economic differences rather than to accentuate them; and it helps to arrive at a balance rather than to split the electorate into hostile groups fighting among themselves for the largest share of the national income. Hamilton and Calhoun thus are proved to have understood the nature of American government better than Rousseau and Jefferson; and the often-maligned "non-ideological" party of the American tradition emerges as an instrument of political and economic unification—precisely because of its traditionalist, non-ideological character.

Not that Anderson and Davidson report only harmony and unity. On the contrary, they show that there are grave threats to the functioning of the party system as a democratic system. The decreasing opportunities for individual advance tend to create a class consciousness and a splitting of the electorate along income lines. To preserve the traditional American "equality of opportunities" thus becomes the first task in the preservation of democracy. Perhaps even more dangerous, in the opinion of the authors, is the ease with which modern propaganda instruments can be used by the political bosses to stampede the voter; for thus the party can be made the tool of minority interests instead of the instrument that crystalizes all major interests into a truly national policy. Messrs. Anderson and Davidson see no protection against this danger except in large-scale political education; and their concrete proposals for education in citizenship are the perhaps most interesting—and also the most contentious—part of their book.

"Ballots and the Democratic Class Struggle" is not only the best study of the relationship between democratic practice and democratic theory but the political scientist will find it unusually interesting for its methods which are both novel and successful. It gives a fascinating picture of the structure of American society, its behavior, its social values. Those who have been worried about our foreign-born citizens will find a great deal of reassurance in the parts of the study which show how rapidly they become Americanized in their political behavior. Altogether this is a "must" for anyone interested in American politics and in a free society.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE BUTLER DIED IN BROOKLYN *Ruth Fenijong* (Crime Club: $2.)	Elderly servant of family removed from Gramercy Park to Brooklyn Heights meets violent end. Gridley Nelson investigates.	Indomitable old lady heads list of brisk and breezy, characters. Sleuth is competent and action moves at headlong pace.	Good
BARBARY FREIGHT *Richard Burke* (Putnam: $2.50.)	Vanishing cargo ships pique merchant mariner Bill Mason's interest. He investigates and encounters plentiful trouble.	Adventure-espionage yarn of sinister goings-on in New York dives and along the waterfront.	Good thriller
NEVER SAY DIE *McKnight Malmar* (Coward, McCann: $2.)	Hostess at Long Island week-end party slain. Others perish. Detective Jim Tibbett, with girl's help, cracks case.	Amorous entanglements, past and present, of chief murderee motivate swiftly moving, well written, and expertly plotted take.	First class

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The Phoenix Nest

YES, and Vaughn Kester wrote a novel I came across the other day called "John O' James Town"; a long time ago, about Captain John Smith; and this year a novei about Captain John Smith is all the rage, too. But it's not by Kester! . . .

Elizabeth Stokes of White Plains wishes to be remembered to Rockport, where I now am, out on Cape Ann. She also remembers the lobster place up along here, and the old cemetery at Marblehead Bay. . . .

The other day I paid my second visit to the Sawyer Free Library at Gloucester, with Ruth Holberg, one of whose forthcoming children's books for the Fall will be "Marching to Jerusalem" (Crowell), a story of the Children's Crusade. We were entertained at tea by the Librarian, Katherine Flatley, and a number of her able assistants, Corinne Stuart, Priscilla Darcy Parkhurst, Doris Norwood, Mrs. Orrin Dice, and the ex-Librarian, Mrs. Friberg. The Reverend Harry Schofield of Dunkirk—N. Y.!—was also present, and regaled us with stories of a summer sojourn in Mexico when he was engaged in hygienic projects. We enjoyed this, but also missed the presence of Eleanore Presson who was there a year or so ago, who then told some of the best stories of a Librarian's adventures with the requests of local children that I have ever heard. . . .

Later I paid my annual visit to Goodspeed's book store in Boston, procuring some excellent whaling material for a friend, and several odd volumes for myself. That friendly cavern in back of Old South, and just below street-level, never fails to yield me some relished item, particularly when a New Library acquisition has been spread forth on several tables. . . .

Now that I've read it, Ira Wolfert's "Battle for the Solomons" seems to me some of the best reporting of this war. Surely one of the best descriptions of an air battle ever written is in Chapter 6, "Git or Git Got." . . .

I'd like to ask Mrs. Kingsley what that seventeenth century English poet, Brathwaite, wrote (1588-1673). I don't know him at all, and I thought I knew most of them. I suppose I ought to be ashamed of myself. Anyway, she can see that I turn over the page and do her Double-Crostics! Sometimes I don't. The one before that was too hard. I never did come up for air. . . .

Rebecca West's article on ex-President Hoover's and Hugh Gibson's "The Problems of Lasting Peace," in the June *Atlantic,* made me glad that I had bought a copy at the Old Corner Bookstore in Boston. It is satisfying. Many had told me that the Hoover-Gibson *opus* was very good, but somehow a deep suspicion had grown within me that it wasn't at all. Miss West thinks it is terrible. I wish Miss West's article had appeared as a review in my own—and others'!—revered periodical. The *SRL* lost a trick, not "getting to publish" it. There is something about the thinking of Herbert Hoover that affects me the way Jaeger underwear used to. Stuffy and irritating! . . .

Just then I had a strange thought. Suppose Adolf Hitler actually *were* the Devil, but that Herbert Hoover were God.

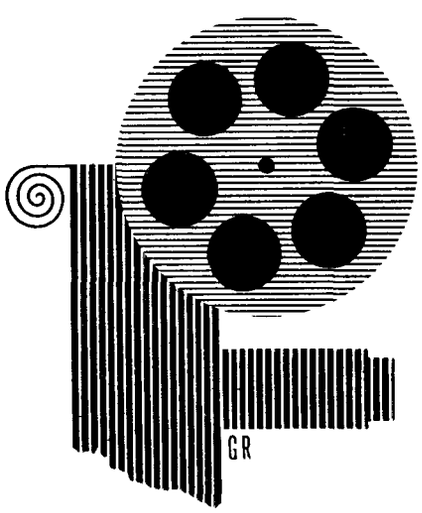
"Consider Egypt in the time of Isis,
And please forbear to foment a world crisis!"
Out of the empyrean, with angel voices singing,
These accents came ringing.
Austrian Adolf, sniffing the caterpillar
Upon his lip, in his handsome Hellish villar,
Hardly concerned with "ifs" and "ands" and "buts,"
Ejaculated "Nuts!"

"Consider the Puritans in the time of Runnymede, who had not adopted fiat money—"
The voice proceeded, "and think of ancient Greece
And the liabilities to peace—!"
Then rose a startled scream from the outposts Elysian
As a thousand demons appeared in a sudden Panzer Division
And the Second Sheols dive-bombed the Throne, and knocked flat
A guy in a high silk hat.

But the voice went on, "It is argued more or less
That the challenge of liberty was made in the U. S.
And I am going to speak more and fuller some of these nights
About representative government and inalienable rights."

* * *

Completely shattered was the dome of many-colored glass.
Ruins were smoking. Chaos had come to pass.
And who do you think they stood up in front of a firing-squad?
God!



That, perhaps, is not quite fair; but if you wish to pursue this subject, *Collier's* is now running a series of four articles called "New Approaches to a Lasting Peace," by Hoover and Gibson, and you can make up your own mind, if you haven't already read their book. The spirit is one of entire reasonableness, but, like Miss West, I also incline to trust an Army and a Navy, Certain soggy assumptions on the part of certain kinds of Americans are squashed by Messrs. Hoover & Gibson, and they promise "specific proposals" in future instalments. Enough. I'll wait for them. . . .

This part of the country is famous for Dogtown Common, which the late William Vaughn Moody poetically spoke of as "Gloucester Moors." I picked up here a lesser poem than his about it, written by Kitty Parsons, which begins:

In sixteen fifty—long ago,
On primitive Cape Ann,
The Dogtown Common settlement
Most hopefully began.

There is a very nice accompanying map of the stony tract, from Whale's Jaw to the Annisquam River. I remember when I was quite a small boy that we stayed at Annisquam, and I think the summer hotel was called *The Overlook.* A beautiful young lady was also staying there, I think from Chicago, whose name was Miss Van Patten. Also, we used to get some candy, somewhere, called Gibraltars (white and extremely hard). We went to one party where another lady, in a charade, sat all alone in gray, nibbling a cracker—and that was "ingratiate." But she appeared a second time with no perceptible change—and that was "enunciate" (a nun she ate). At this juncture I tried desperately to escape from the parlor, but was caught and pinned down. I think that must have been my first experience with charades. Later I was in one as a Roman charioteer!

All the little boys soulfully admired Miss Van Patten; so I don't know why we made up a rhyme that we used to chant:

To the town went Miss Van Patten
To stuff herself with cotton batten!

I suppose we meant cotton batting, and it was probably because some stuffy grownup carried her off to Boston to the theatre, and we were jealous.

However, as I pass this way today I should not indulge myself in thoughts like these. Perhaps it is the influence of the last verse of Miss Parsons's epic:

These all have vanished, long ago,
But can we not feel still,
The breath of fragrant memories
On Dogtown's lofty hill?

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence, thus also enabling an exchange of reference. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

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YOUNG GIRL wants room **near Columbia** University, July 1-August 15, exchange for work. Box 110-H.

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GENTLEMAN, cultured, impressive, born Russian, budding novelist, wishes to correspond with attractive young lady interested in music, literature, and civilized humanity. Box 102-H.

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TWO LADIES having a delightful summer property on Cape Cod want to contact a couple who would like to spend a quiet, family-type vacation with them, sharing home duties and driving the car. Small remuneration. Further details given in personal interview. References required. Box 121-H.

PERSONABLE WIDOW, college education, character, wants position as social companion to amiable, lonely woman. Box 122-H.

COTTAGE near Breadloaf School of English. Ripton, Vermont, on stage road, 6 rooms, electric equipment, fireplace, porches. Box 123-H.

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PERSONALS

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The Crostics Club

DID you note that at the annual meeting of the American Academy of Arts and Letters, "Arts and Letters grants to further their work" went to our friend, Brenda Putnam, the sculptor, and to John Gneisenau Neihardt, the midwestern poet, with whose name you have become familiar—when I wanted a good word beginning with N—but who, at least you Easterners know, now exists?

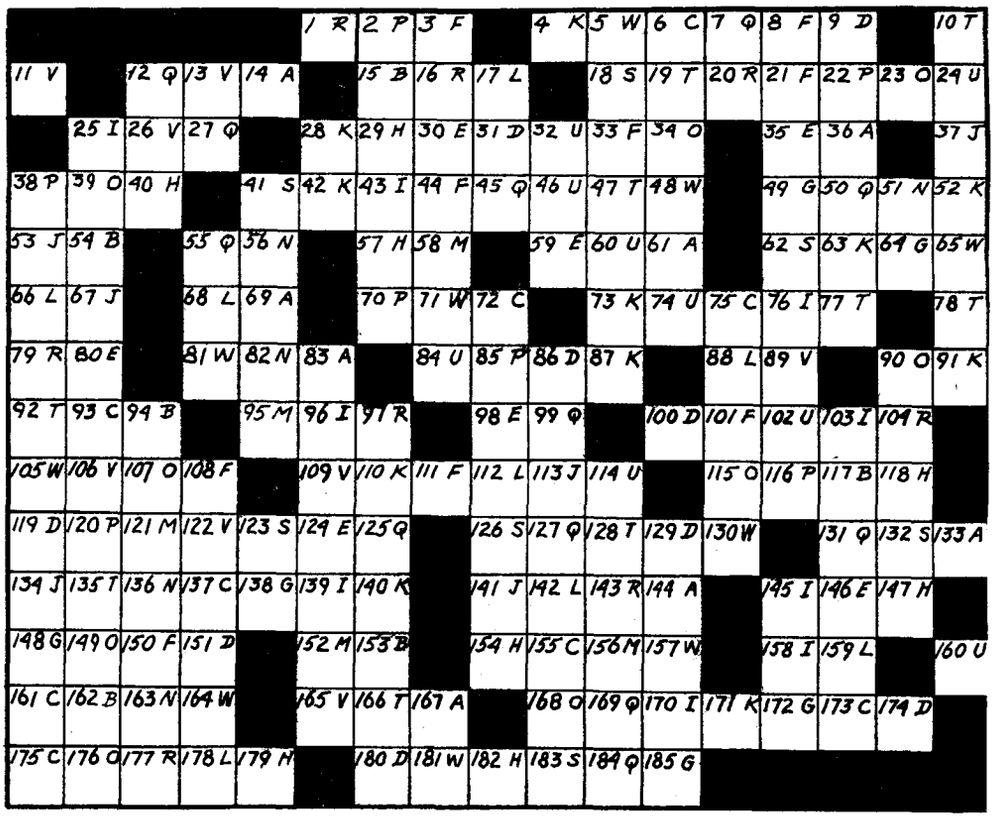
Lest more of you may think as did several who wrote me to that effect that "The Ballade of Conceit" by Gelett Burgess was deliberately used in connection with my column of that issue, I hasten to dissipate that thought. The Editor merely chanced to select that quotation from a dozen she has had since last fall. I myself was amused at its consonance with Adela Rogers St. Johns's scholarly critique of Howard Mumford Jones's criticism of "Gideon Planish." As I've written before, and I mean it, I welcome criticism sent in a friendly spirit, even in the process of rejecting it as not constructive for my purposes.

Now, I enjoyed a recent letter from William P. Dunn, Oak Terrace, Minn., who has been whiling away a hospital stay with DC's and who comes in good strong terms to Miss Nearing's objections to many of my definitions. "There can't be much objection to some of your whimsicalities—that is part of the game—but one feels let down if he is sent on wild goose chases—for a noun that turns out to be an adjective," he concludes. Doesn't it, after all, resolve itself into a matter of dictionary authority, and personal choice in the light of having dealt with some 30,000 words in the course of these ten years? Webster, for instance, in defining *numinous* (one of his objections) as an adjective refers one to *numen*. Now it is much easier to take his use of *numinous* as a noun tersely defined than to concoct a definition as an adjective from *numen*. If I have used *riffraff*, for its precious f's time and again as a noun, and I find it has an adjective use, why shouldn't I enlarge your knowledge, too, to that extent?

If I reach an impasse in a puzzle and find that the word *antic* lets me out, but I have no s's to spare to make it *antics*, why shouldn't I pass the use of *antic* as an authoritative word on to you? On the other hand, a word in the present tense defined in the past, or a singular noun defined as plural, is a careless, misleading, unintentional error and should not be tolerated.

Two incorrect dates of late, Huss and Chesterton, come in the same category. No, Charles D. Maginnis, Brookline, I did not *"trick* you by leaving the door of his tomb ajar."

E .S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 480

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-three words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary ***(1940 edition).***

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 36 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. American musician from Alsace (1861-1935).

B. Misapprehension of spoken sounds.

C. Ice barrier in a Sea of Little America.

D. A nonconformist.

E. Earth-hole for drink offerings to the gods (Gr. Antiq.)

F. English county of a spurious "Tragedy" stated in title by Shakespeare.

G. A robber.

H. A small or petty work.

I. Strong or good (of ale, etc.)

J. The wren (local English).

K. Geared to tense effort (comp.)

L. Emergence of an insect from its pupa-case (Zool.)

M. The life principle; soul (Hinduism).

N. Wound by a boar's tusk (Archaic).

O. Inhabitant of a Baltic Sea country.

P. Shaggy, large Russian sheepdog.

Q. A bat (animal).

R. A braggart (slang).

S. Vividly bright and shining.

T. Extremely affluent (money).

U. Treatyport in Manchuria.

V. Inventor of Esperanto (1859-1917).

W. By virtue of one's office (Lat.)

WORDS

167 14 61 36 69 144 83 133

152 15 117 54 162 94

72 155 6 175 75 161 173 137 93

9 31 119 174 180 129 100 151 86

30 35 59 146 80 98 124

3 33 108 44 111 101 21 150 8

49 64 148 138 185 172

57 182 29 40 154 118 179 147

96 158 170 76 103 25 43 145 139

53 113 37 141 134 67

52 171 73 63 4 110 42 87 28 91 140

17 112 178 88 66 142 68 159

121 152 156 95 58

51 136 56 163 82

168 90 115 176 23 34 149 107 39

85 70 120 22 116 38 2

99 127 50 12 125 27 184 169 55 131 7 45

20 143 79 1 16 177 104 97

18 41 123 183 126 132 62

128 135 47 92 78 166 19 77 10

46 102 114 32 60 160 74 24 84

106 165 109 11 122 26 13 89

130 181 105 5 81 164 157 48 65 71

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